TAKE ONE

The Canadian Film Magazine

JUNE

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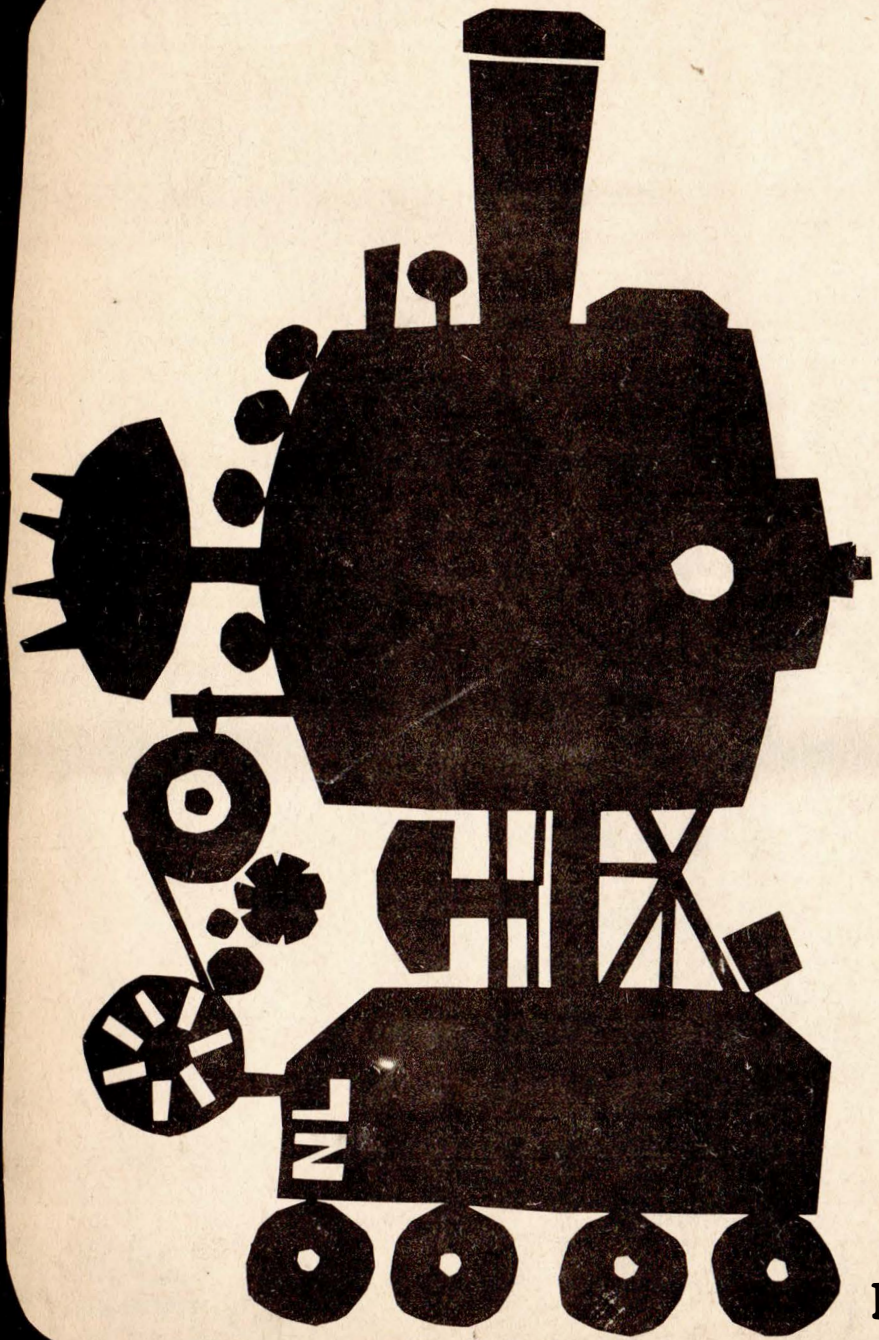

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Blacklisted!

Patrick Watson

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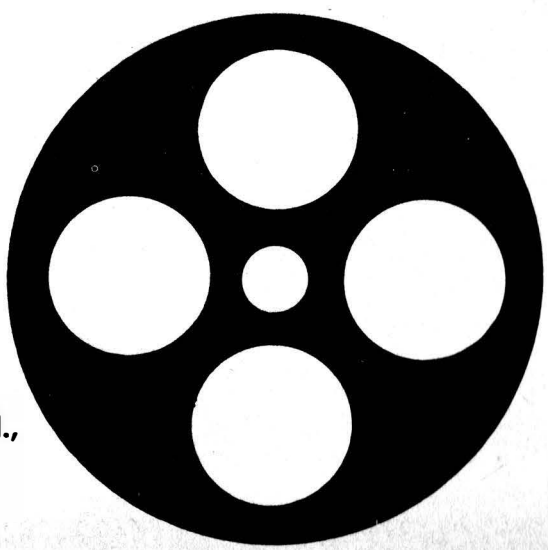

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TAKE ONE

Vol.1 ~ No.5

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PADDY SAMPSON

WIM VANDERKOOY

With the growing number of features now produced directly for television and with TV film showing in movie theatres, the boundary between the two media becomes increasingly difficult to separate. Alan Collins interviews one of Canada's leading experimental directors about the possible future outcome:

You recently directed a TV spectacular in New York for Harry Belafonte. How do conditions there compare with Canada and the CBC?

Everything is more competitive, so in Network Programming the standard is higher than here. Equipment is more modern, budgets are three times larger, production staff and technical crew are well paid. Of course the U.S. networks are playing to a far larger viewing population than the Canadian channels. The CBC is overloaded with production, budgets are tight, facilities inadequate to meet the demands of programming, people are underpaid. All these shortcomings are naturally relative to the small population and the per capita costs. Years ago plans were made for a CBC TV complex similar to the BBC White City in England. So far not a stone has been turned. By the time it is completed it will probably be out of date. The director in Canada does have more responsibility and control over his productions. Out of necessity he is frequently his own writer and producer. He and his crew are constantly in a position of having to force the medium to achieve effects which would else be outside the scope of their facilities and budget. CBC directors develop techniques (such as multiple videotaping, 360 degree shooting, major dramatic productions on 16mm film, and electronic editing processes) as a means of coping with limitations not applicable to our southern neighbours.

How far behind is Canada in production techniques?

I honestly believe that in the main we are already ahead, certainly in TV videotape. In film, most of our work has been done with 16mm black and white. When someone comes up with an improved 16mm colour stock we will give Hollywood more than a run for its money, with films shot for the TV medium.

What new developments in the television medium do you foresee in the next twenty-five years?

Possibly the next stage is the wall-sized screen in the home. The present restriction in the size of the screen is the cathode ray tube. What is needed is another means of realizing the transmission, maybe a sensitized plate which will allow the image to be projected onto or into the wall. Maybe a development of laser projection, which would literally realize the transmission on thin air. Eventually, however, I believe the viewer will wear a light-weight set of spectacles which will give the illusion of total vision and sound dimensionally. Programs will be piped in by a wall socket from the local dispenser of television. Eventually, I believe, a computerized information center will replace videotape and film recording. The pictures received from Gemini satellites (transmitted from space as a series of radio impulses, decoded and reassembled by a computer) are indicative of what's to come. The camera of the future will be a device relaying information to a computer with an infinite storage capacity. What comes after that? I'm not H.G. Wells!

How about the content of the future television. Is The Monkees **a foretaste of what is to come?**

I would say it is a regression to the old style of escapist drama except for a more contempory storyline. **The Beverly Hillbillies, Peyton Place,**

and **The Monkees** will move more and more to the morning and afternoon time slots. Despite Marshall McLuhan, audiences are becoming more not less selective. People watch television on different levels. Housewives switch on programs like **The Beverly Hillbillies** as a background. They miss nothing if they have to go into another room for half the show. The same people watch **Hallmark** or **Wojeck** on a completely different level of attention.

Is the Cinema a dying art?
No, I think it is very much alive and flourishing, only it will progress more and more into the living room. The movie theatre will become a house for experience — like the opera house for opera. The gimmick part of it — I do not use the word pejoratively — hasn't begun to be developed yet; so far it is still in the hands of amateurs. Wait till the professionals get hold of it.

Would you call Frankenheimer's Grand Prix a **psychedelic movie?**
I haven't seen the film yet. But Frankenheimer is an interesting example of the influence of television on the cinema. Television is a highly technical medium in which you have to experiment to survive. Frankenheimer treats the cinema as if it were a new medium — like television.

What is your approach to directing for television?
I try to pick out the most essential details. If it is an entertainment show, I try to inform. If it is mainly for information, I try to make it entertaining. Why should I do a show with Harry Belafonte for pure entertainment when people can pay five bucks and see him in the flesh?

One has to keep in mind the special conditions imposed by the size and shape of the TV screen. Long shots become unrecognizable while extreme close-ups are acceptable in situations where they would be macabre in the cinema. The whole perspective of the shot is psychologically altered. The rounded edges of the TV screen allow totally different compositions from the rectangular cinema screen.

You use very few cuts in your musical shows.
This is not true. I have directed shows with no dissolves. However the dissolve is much better suited to television. It can be done directly in the studio and requires no laboratory processing. On TV the rate of cutting has to be slowed down because each shot takes longer to register. The dissolve is much more than a means of bridging a jump cut or a time gap. It can express modulations within a piece of music, or even the effect of dissonance. During **Abstract for Television** I held a long dissolve at the midpoint where trumpets and trombones come into configuration to express a clash between the two instruments.

Von Sternberg was a pioneer in the use of dissolves. They became a part of his signature on a film to heighten the mood of artificiality. Television is also an artificial medium like Von Sternberg's movies.

How did you devise the choreography of camera movements in Abstract for Television?
I wrote a shooting script based on a series of visual compositions exploring the different sections and instruments of a symphony orchestra. The composer, Harry Somers, wrote the music to my camera script.

You seemed to be using the camera to animate the music as Disney used drawings in Fantasia.
In parts of **Fantasia,** for the first and only time, Disney went completely abstract. The drawings did not need to have any relation to the subject of the music. I took this method even further in a **Youth Concert** I did once of Berg's opera **Lulu.** This is a very macabre negative work so I decided to shoot it in a like manner. I had Susskind conducting upside down, montages of the string section drifting through the reflection in the glasses of one of the violinists, with the camera constantly zooming in and out of focus. Music is one of the barely touched upon subjects that television can do so well.

You were unhappy about the Music Canada **show from Expo. Why?**
It was interfered with behind my back. I wanted to make the Expo site under construction, the rawness and complexity of the buildings themselves, an experience for the audience without making a documentary out of it. The Executive Producer subtly changed the order of the shots and added an irrelevent explanatory commentary, thereby destroying the whole delicate unresolved quality I was trying to create.

How did you come to adapt Feiffer's cartoon The Lonely Machine **for television?**
Norm Simons, the composer, suggested it to me. I was attracted by Feiffer's tremendous economy to say in a few strokes of the pen what would take a novelist a whole chapter to describe. This is something else television is particularly equipped to do. Norm wrote the music to play on people's associations of certain forms of music with certain ideas.

Which of all your shows have you most enjoyed working on?
I think **The Blues** and the **Tongues of Brass** jazz shows, equally. In both cases I was in the position of a pimp. Getting something out of people who had it, to give to people who had never experienced it.

Who is your favourite director in films or television?
John Ford.

Another Irishman! Has he been able to keep pace with the changes that are taking place in the medium?
Ford's contribution to the cinema is independent of the changes. I can appreciate that because I am a director who likes to make use of the changes. If Frankenheimer is the Picasso of the cinema then John Ford is the Matisse. He has kept consistently to one milieu and developed it to a degree of perfection. T.O.

THE NEXT MEDIUM

by ROBERT RUSSEL

3. THE ARTIST

The faithful reader will remember that the next medium is a home communicator, or 'Commie'; a sort of keyboard TV set tied via a private cable to a central computer, whose banks contain all manner of information, films and TV programs, plus reference and educational material designed to give us the skills and understanding needed to cope with and enjoy this radically changing world. The screen is there to show us things and to speak for the computer, the keyboard for us to question and reply to the computer and the wondrous programs it contains. This 'feedback' principle, wherein the computer takes cognizance of our individual kinks and wants and insights, is fundamental and unique to this new medium of communication, and distinguishes it from the Mass Media which lumped us into large exploitable masses and tended to turn us all into soggy dumplings.

The reader is also begged to recall what the commie will do to broadcasting as we now know it, with its ridiculous scheduling problems, putting all our favourite programs on at the most inconvenient times. Through the commie, we will be able to schedule our own programs, chosen from the week's selections, or from the vast storehouse of world entertainment, creating a form of demand broadcasting. In this way, the next medium will contain all the media which preceded it. Traditional artists, be they playwrights or filmmakers or TV producers or whatever, will thus find their maximum audience at a time when each individual is ready to tune in and turn on. But what of the artists of the next medium itself? How will they use the medium, how will they exploit its unique characteristics?

In an earlier piece in this series, I spoke of Cyrus Levinthal, the MIT geneticist who programmed the Project Mac computer to show us what happens to a long molecule under the strains and changes of the chemistry of life. On the screen of the computer's remote terminal (the forerunner of the commie) we see the sticks of light joined together to symbolize the molecule. Add light or heat or change the chemistry, and the molecule changes its shape and characteristics as it would in the test-tube or in our veins or glands. The image of this molecule rotating and squirming on our screen is a thing of intense beauty, and the deeper we understand the process it symbolizes, the greater is our sense of beauty and wonder at the process and the mind of the artist who gave it life. One of the most complex systems in genetics, at the very front line of human understanding, can thus be made comprehensible to an intelligent eight year old, who would otherwise have to wait til his M.A. before acquiring the knowledge to understand. Thus, I suggested, Levinthal is the forerunner of the true artist of the next medium, bringing both truth and beauty to the mind at the receiving end.

Levinthal's computer program is a big step beyond the work of such film artists as René Jodoin or Norman McLaren, who have made beautiful and delightful short films illustrating mathematical and musical forms. Where Levinthal's program differs from film is that the changing shapes, the metamorphosis of the molecule, is at the command of the student who operates the program. Type in the proper code and the molecule appears on the commie screen. As the student changes the parameters, as he types in a new chemical situation, the molecule responds in all its beauty before his eyes. Through the computer feedback, the program responds to the individual. Thus the art object is responsive to its admirer. The process of appreciation becomes active. We are no longer spectators, but participants.

This season has seen the introduction of the first large-scale commie systems into a dozen or so schools in different parts of the United States, and according to all indications, these Computer Aided Instruction (C.A.I.) systems will soon expand dramatically throughout the educational field. The basis of C.A.I. is a program which takes a class of students, each with their own computer terminal screen and keyboard, toward a particular learning goal. Each student works his way through the program in his own way, at his own speed, making his own mistakes and finding his own rewards, talking privately to the computer as though he alone were in personal contact with the great machine. To make this possible, the teaching program is designed to have a whole network of learning paths, each of which forks in many directions, with all roads leading to Rome. There are of course few programmers with the skill and artistry of Cyrus Levinthal, who can turn a learning problem into a moving work of art, but nevertheless the best of the programs are deeply rewarding to the students, making learning a personal voyage of discovery, and permitting the

rapid and unrestrained growth of the awakening mind.

Dr. Raduz Cincera, the Czech critic and science filmmaker who invented the Kinoautomat show at Expo 67, is another next medium artist; and perhaps the first to work directly with feedback computer, theatre and film in a purely entertainment mode. The Kinoautomat, for those who have yet to visit the Czech pavilion, presents a somewhat confused hero on both stage and screen, asking the audience to help him resolve a series of amusing dilemmas which have something to do with a half-nude blond in the corridor outside his apartment. Each of the hundred and twenty individuals in the audience has a pair of buttons in the arm-rest of his seat, and from the stage the hero stops the film at a moment of decision, and asks the audience to decide what he should do. Should he let the blond into his apartment at the time his wife is due to arrive? Push the green button for 'go ahead', the red button for 'no'. Whichever your choice, the film proceeds that way. There are ten such moments of decision, each one toted up by the computer, with some thirty odd different ways the film can go. The film of course is fun, and the actor in the principle role extremely clever, a product of the brilliant Prague review theatre. The audience is perhaps too involved in the situation and too excited by the technology to reflect on the lesson in marxian dialectics underlying the work. But as we leave to walk through the Montreal Expo Wonderland, the remarkable nature of what has been seen clings to our thoughts like a supernatural experience, suggesting other worlds of experience disturbingly different than those we know.

It is no accident the Czechs have come up with the most interesting film experience at Expo. They did it before, at Brussels in '58, with the Laterna Magika, setting the pattern for many of the multi-screen experiments around the world. The Czechs, although few know it, have one of the richest and boldest theatre traditions in the western world. Their productions marry lighting and film technology of a highly advanced nature, with a tradition of succesful experimental drama. In that modest little country, it seems, the lines are not as clearly drawn as here between the various branches of learning, science and art. Cincera, the Kinoautomat inventor, is a theatre historian, deeply involved in the role of the technology of stagecraft. He is a science filmmaker of note, attached to the Prague Documentary Studio, and is thus, in a sense, a teacher. But more than that, he is a philosopher artist working at the edge of the two cultures, where science and art are one. The extraordinary success of Kinoautomat is no accident, but the thoughtful product of an awareness of the role of technology in art and life.

Nor have we heard the last of Kinoautomat. Granada, the independent television production company in England, is negotiating to buy the rights of the formula from Cincera and his studio, to put on a series of feedback TV dramas, each one capable of responding to the wishes of those home viewers able to reach the studio switchboard with their calls. Like Computer-Aided-Instruction, Kinoautomat brings the next medium one step closer, and the artist-teacher-scientist is already at work, not trying to force old wine into the new bottle, but expressing the spirit of our technological age in and through the fundamental tools of the revolution we all must undergo. Soon each of us, artist and spectator, will come into personal contact through the feedback computer and the commie, in a direct process of communication which both of us control. The prospect is deeply exciting and categorically new. The opportunities are as varied as they are unusual. The rewards may be as deeply moving as they are personally stimulating. The artist, if he can shake from his mind the old narrow boxes of the preceeding media, and explore the fundamental nature of the technology shaping our lives, will assume again the importance of the Shakespeares and the Leonardos of an earlier renaissance. T.O.

THE 35 MM BOOKSHELF

BY PETER MORRIS

The last few years have seen a remarkable upsurge in the publication of books about film and film makers. Publishers, it would seem, have suddenly awoken to the fact that there is a film market, perhaps potentially a bigger market than there is for books about the other arts. One result of this is that a very real problem of choice has developed for the interested cinephile who wants to keep twenty or so books handy on his own bookshelf. I hope to give here a few pointers to help in that choice, with an emphasis on books which are readily available in cheap, paperback editions.

Film World by Ivor Montagu and **The Cinema as Art** by Ralph Stephenson and J.R. Debrix (both published by Penguin Books) are without doubt the best introductory surveys available. Ivor Montagu's book surveys the whole breadth of the cinema from a historical-technical viewpoint while that of Stephenson and Debrix emphasises aesthetics, the means by which the film maker achieves his results, and the nature of film art. To a considerable extent, **The Cinema as Art** supercedes Rudolph Arnheim's standard **Film** (University of California Press) in that, while it adopts much of Arnheim's approach to film, it draws examples from recent films and is much more readable. Both **Film World** and **The Cinema as Art** are reasonable, modest and non-didactic, and make ideal companion volumes. The only drawback with **Film World** is that Montagu is either weak on or ignores the modern cinema; however, this is compensated for by a third book:

The Contemporary Cinema by Penelope Houston (Penguin Books, 1963), a thoughtful, eclectic and sometimes provocative study of film since 1945. Because of the scope Houston attempts, it is not a detailed study; it also suffers somewhat from her Anglo-Saxon realist approach, but is infinitely better than Roger Manvell's pedestrian **New Cinema in Europe** (Dutton Vista Pictureback). The only merit of this book is the excellent selection of stills.

Film—An Anthology edited by Daniel Talbot (University of California Press); **A Montage of Film Theories** edited by Richard Dyer McCann (Dutton); and **An Introduction to the Art of the Movies** edited by Lewis Jacobs (NoonDay). These three excellent "compilation" books available in paperback bring together articles from periodicals and extracts from other books, though each has a different emphasis. In them you will find some of the best writings by critics as well as articles by film makers who have written about their work. Taken together, they form a most comprehensive survey on film, its theories, history and techniques. If you only wish to buy one, choose **A Montage of Film Theories** since it is the most recent.

Dictionnaire des Films and **Dictionnaire des Cinéastes** by Georges Sadoul (Editions du Seuil); **Dictionary of the Cinema** by Peter Graham (Tantivy Press). If you can read French at all choose the two companion French dictionaries as invaluable reference texts; if your French is non-existent, Peter Graham's book is useful. This is mainly a dictionary of directors with a sprinkling of players, producers and others but does include a film title index which is an invaluable addition.

The French Cinema since 1946: Volume One, The Great Tradition; Volume Two, The Personal Style by Roy Armes (Zwemmer Books); **The Japanese Film—Art and Industry** by Donald Ritchie and Joseph Anderson (Charles Tuttle Company); **Kino — A History of the Russian and Soviet Film** by Jay Leyda (Allen and Unwin); **The Swedish Cinema** by Peter Cowie (Zwemmer Books); **L'Ecran Démoniaque** by Lotte Eisner (Le Terrain Vague). All these surveys of film history within a country are readable, in-depth studies that can be recommended for anyone interested in knowing more about film in countries which have made a significant contribution to the development of film. Lotte Eisner's **L'Ecran Démoniaque** is much better than Siegfried Kracauer's **From Caligari to Hitler** as a survey of the expressionist elements in the German silent cinema. Unfortunately, neither it nor Jay Leyda's **Kino** are available in paperback and **L'Ecran**

Démoniaque is not yet available in English. Both omissions could be easily corrected by some enterprising publisher.

What is a Film by Roger Manvell (Macdonald) is a clear, step-by-step explanation of film making, covering financing, producing, directing, distributing and other technical crafts. In no way is this a book for those who know something of cinema; but for those cowed by the mechanics of film making it is a useful introduction.

International Film Guide 1967 edited by Peter Cowie (Tantivy Press). Now in its fourth year, this handy reference volume crams a lot of information into a small space. For those who want to keep abreast of current developments in all aspects of the cinema, this is a necessary handbook to have around. One only wishes it were more comprehensively indexed since it is sometimes difficult to locate information.

Cinema Eye, Cinema Ear—Some Key Film Makers of the Sixties by John Russell Taylor (Hill and Wang): a provocative, in-depth study from the **auteur** viewpoint of six film makers: Fellini, Antonioni, Bunuel, Bresson, Bergman, and Hitchcock, with appended notes on Truffaut, Godard and Resnais. As an alternative to individual books on these directors (all of which, incidentally, are available) this can be strongly recommended.

Finally, some comments on books to avoid. By far the most distressing is Arthur Knight's **The Liveliest Art** (Mentor Books). Described as "a panoramic history of the movies", Knight draws for examples only on films accessible to him in the U.S. and his book is full of so many historical inaccuracies that it is impossible to list them all. Knight also leans heavily on Paul Rotha's views in **The Film Till Now** (a monumental tome, first published in the early Thirties and revised and "up-dated" twice since then, that suffers from the author's social-realist background in which the Russian silent cinema is an epitome of film art that has never been surpassed). **The Film Till Now** itself is a book to avoid, despite the profound influence it wrought on three generations of British and American film critics. It is a great pity that **The Liveliest Art** was the first film history to become widely available in paperback and has already reached a wide audience. It is the only book about film that many public libraries possess.

Movies—The History of an Art and an Institution by Richard Schickel (Basic Books) is perhaps the worst film book I have ever come across —an absolute horror. Thoroughly undisciplined and full of staggering generalisations, it is a book that only book reviewers should have to suffer. In addition to the poor quality of the text, the stills are ghastly grey reproductions of scenes that we have seen countless times. T.O.

TAKE ONE

IN THE MONTHS AHEAD:

ROGER CORMAN

DON OWE

ALAN BATES

Claude Jutra's film is now in distribution. Also known as **The Way It Goes** or **Take It All**, the film is now available with English commentary in 16mm.

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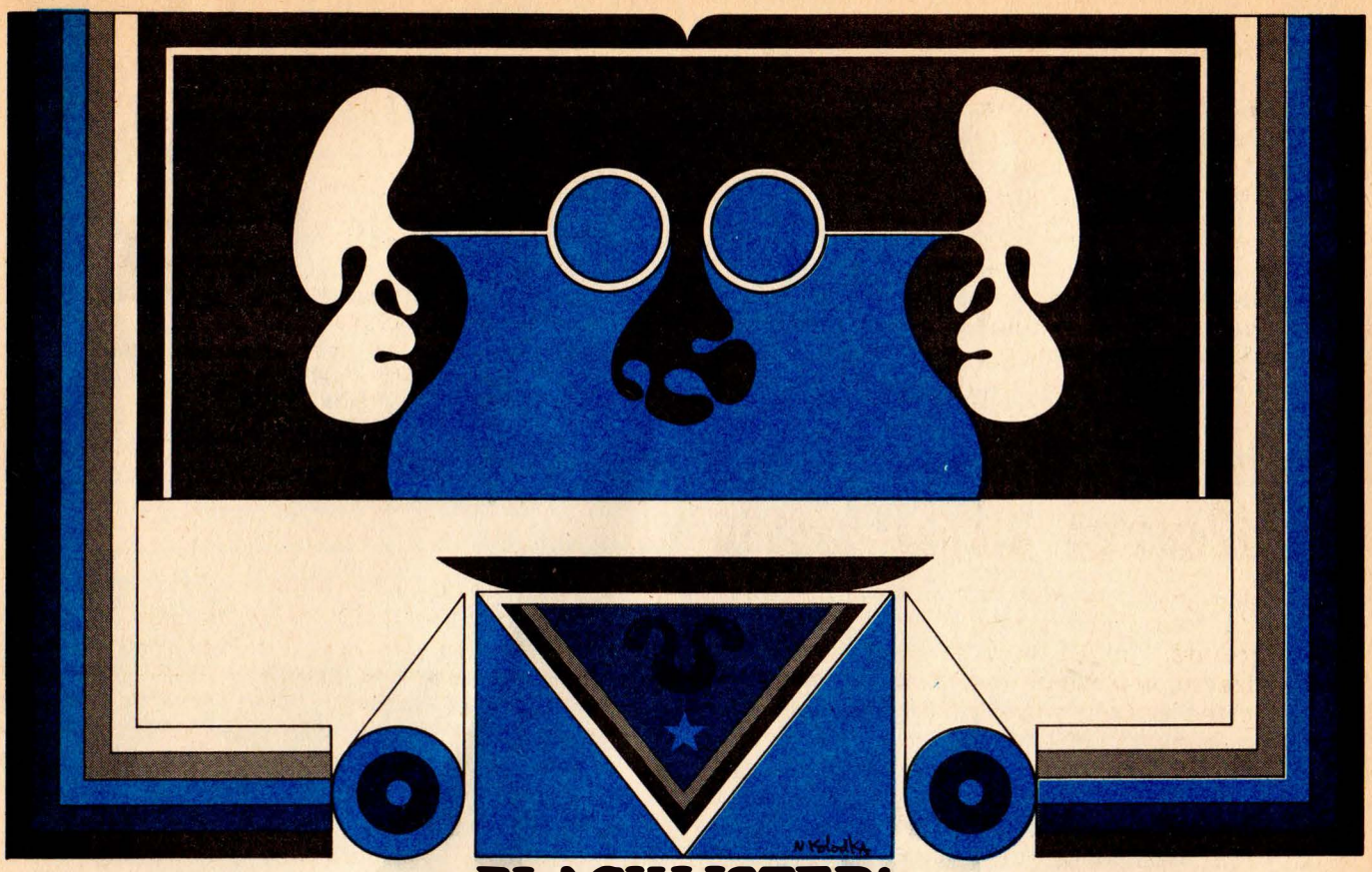

BLACKLISTED!

In October 1947, before a battery of newsreel cameras, Chairman J. Parnell Thomas of the Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives opened its Washington hearings on "alleged subversive influence in motion pictures." Thus began the blacklist.

By the end of November, ten screenwriters, directors and producers, the "unfriendly witnesses", had been cited for contempt of Congress. Jail sentences followed; all of them found their Hollywood careers destroyed. Of the "Hollywood Ten", Adrian Scott, producer, Edward Dmytryk, director, Lester Cole, Ring Gardner Jr. and Dalton Trumbo, writers, were immediately fired. On an open blacklist were placed John Howard Lawson, Albert Maltz, Alvah Bessie, Samuel Ornitz, and Herbert Biberman. Bertolt Brecht, in Hollywood as a refugee from Nazi Germany, was also quizzed by the Committee. A few hours later he left the country never to return.

Mr. Biberman, who went to Hollywood from the Theatre Guild of New York in 1935 under contract to Columbia Pictures as a director, made **One Way Ticket, Meet Nero Wolfe, The Master Race.** He wrote screen plays for **Revenge at Night, Prison Farm, Together Again, Action in Arabie** and **The Master Race;** he was associate producer of **Abilene Town** and **New Orleans,** for which he wrote the original story. After the Hollywood Trials, he directed **Salt of the Earth,** a feature film dealing with an actual strike in a mine in New Mexico. Most recently he has written a book, published by Beacon Press, about the making and subsequent history of that film. His comments on the blacklist appear on pages 12 and 13.

The Parnell Thomas Committee had been set up to investigate films. This proved a fruitless task **(The Best Years of Our Lives** was highly suspect for a while), and so instead it began to investigate the private lives and beliefs of those connected with the motion picture industry. Within a year, the rash had spread to include not only those who, on constitutional grounds, refused to answer the Committee's questions, but also those who neglected to make a voluntary statement of ideological purity — whether summoned by the Committee or not. Hollywood was caught in a network of fear.

The hearings continued into the fifties — and into the acting profession: Larry Parks, John Garfield, Marsha Hunt, Morris Carnovsky — all of them suffered in varying degrees from the attentions of HUAC. Next to fall was the radio and television industry. The shadow of the blacklist hung over every studio, every producer's office. One of its victims, Millard Lampell, describes for **Take One** what it was like to inhabit that nightmare world. Mr. Lampell is a freelance author of several screen plays, tv scripts and stage plays. He has recently been working with the National Film Board, for which he wrote a screen play for a

feature film dealing with labor unrest. The film, shortly due for release, is called **Do Not Fold, Spindle or Mutilate . . .**

Before the scare began to subside, Hollywood saw an exodus of talent: among those to seek refuge in other countries were Jules Dassin, Carl Foreman and Joseph Losey. Those who stayed found other jobs, other names.

Recent comment on the blacklist has emphasized its revival in the less virulent but equally effective form of the "graylist". To be on the graylist means hearing producers say "It's nothing personal, mind you, but I have someone else in mind . . ." Or again it means getting work from some producers, but not from others. One result is a form of self-censorship, a reluctance to deal with any topic other than the "safe controversial" ones — air pollution, drug prices, homosexuality . . .

Historical footnote: J. Parnell Thomas was jailed in 1949 for accepting kickbacks from employees. His investigations had brought in their wake suicides, jail sentences, financial ruin, years of misery for artists in the communications industry. And how many films were eventually found to be "subversive"? The answer: none.

PATRICK MACFADDEN

Millard Lampell

In 1950, I began to keep a journal with a title borrowed from Dostoevsky: "Notes From The Underground." In it I recorded the ironic, sometimes bizarre, sometimes ludicrous experience of living in the twilight world of the blacklist. The last entry is dated 1964.

I am not by nature an injustice collector. I think martyrdom is for the saints and self-pity is a bore. So, at the Television Academy Award ceremonies, when I went up to accept an Emmy for my Hallmark drama, "Eagle in a Cage", it was with some surprise that I heard myself saying, "I think I ought to mention that I was blacklisted for ten years."

At the press conference afterward, a reporter asked why I had said it. I had to stop and consider, and a line of the philosopher Santayana's swam into my mind, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

The Emmy broadcast brought a flood of letters, including a number that asked in puzzlement, "What was this blacklist?"

Well, brothers and sisters, it was like this:

By 1950, I had been a professional writer for eight years, including the time spent as a sergeant in the Air Force that produced my first book, "The Long Way Home". I had published poems, songs and short stories, written a novel and adapted it as a motion picture, authored a respectable number of films, radio plays and television dramas, collected various awards, and seen my Lincoln cantata, "The Lonesome Train", premiered on a major network, issued as a record album, and produced in nine foreign countries.

Then, quietly, mysteriously and almost overnight, the job offers stopped coming. . . .

It was about three months before my agent called me in, locked her door, and announced in a tragic whisper, "You're on the list."

It seemed that there was a list of writers, actors, directors, set designers, and even trapeze artists, choreographers and clowns who were suspected of Communist leanings and marked by all the film studios, networks and advertising agencies as unemployable.

What made it all so cryptic was the lack of accusations or charges. Fearing legal suits, the film companies and networks flatly denied that any blacklist existed. There was no way of getting proof that I was actually on a list, no way to learn the damning details. My income simply dropped from a comfortable five figures to $2,000 a year.

Finally I ran into an old friend, a producer who had downed a few too many martinis, and he leveled with me, "Pal, you're dead. I submitted your name for a show and they told me I couldn't touch you with a barge pole." He shrugged unhappily. "It's a rotten thing, I hate it, but what can I do?" And with a pat on my cheek: "Don't quote me, pal, because I'll deny I said it."

Through the next several years, bit by bit, the shadowy workings of the blacklist came into sharp focus. There were, to begin with, numerous lists. Their common chief origin was the Attorney General's unofficial and highly arbitrary index of "subversive organizations," and the published reports of the sessions of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Then somebody got the profitable idea of publishing "Red Channels", a handy, paperback compendium of the names of the suspected. Every time a name listed in this pamphlet appeared among the credits of a film or a broadcast, it was greeted with complaints written under the letterheads of various obscure patriotic organizations. It took only a handful of these letters to stir panic in the executive corridors.

Perhaps one has to begin by calling up the atmosphere of those days, the confusing, stalemate fighting in Korea, the flare-up of belligerent patriotism, the growing government impatience with any dissent from official policy. It was a time of security checks, loyalty oaths, FBI investigations, tapped phones, secret dossiers, spy scandals, library book-burnings, and Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin waving a briefcase at the television cameras and rasping that it contained the names of a battalion of Reds in the State

Department. A time of suspicion, anonymous accusation, and nameless anxiety. Friends I had known for years passed me by on the street with no sign of recognition but a furtive nod. Invitations ebbed away.

Years later, my memories of those days were to serve me well when I sat down to write a play based on John Hersey's "The Wall", and had to create the atmosphere of the early days of the Warsaw Ghetto.

I sold my car, moved my wife and children to a cramped apartment in a cheap neighborhood and, when my savings ran out, lived on small loans from friends and what I could earn from a thin trickle of odd, ill-paid assignments. Using a pseudonym, I wrote a few radio broadcasts for the Government of Israel, an educational film for the Government of Puerto Rico, a few scripts for benefits given by charitable organizations.

Then, in the spring of 1952, a wispy, harassed man in an ill-fitting suit appeared at my door, flipped through a bulging folder, and handed me a subpoena from the Senate Committee on Internal Security. It was in Washington, at a closed session of the committee, that for the first time I got some clues to the nature of the charges against me.

In 1940, I had come up from West Virginia and, with Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie and Lee Hays, formed a folk-singing group called The Almanacs. Now, when every third college student

Herbert Biberman

The Hollywood Ten sought the reality of the American Constitution's guarantees of personal liberty under the written law. They sought these guarantees legally—specifically, the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of speech and assembly, beyond the reach of Congressional legislation, and therefore beyond the areas permitted to the legislative, investigative process.

The U.S. Supreme Court, in the fall of 1949, refused to accept their case for review. Accident played a major role in that refusal. As the case reached the Court two justices who might well have voted for certiorari died — Justices Murphy and Rutledge. Had they lived the history of the next eighteen years would have been somewhat, and perhaps considerably, different. The rule of law and the rule by men get tangled in the toils of time. . . .

Before the end of World War II, there were industrialists who were "scared green" by the warmth generated toward the Soviet Union in the last years of the war. What would happen in peace-time if this admiration for a communist people and government were to persist? And organizations of industrialists began to lay down the ground rules for a return to the codified normality of antagonism. **Mission to Moscow** and **Song of Russia** were films made during the war to create proper appreciation for the Soviet contribution to victory. The films were successful and apparently useful to the war effort of the United States. In the post-war period, these very films were accused of being near-treason—instruments of Soviet policy—by the House Committee on Un-American Activities in the 1947 investigation "of the infiltration of subversive propaganda into Hollywood films."

This was not an accident, nor the evil idea of the kick-back criminal, J. Parnell Thomas, Chairman of the investigating Committee. It was an accusation that was useful in getting the country on to the business before the country—a return to normal international antagonism for a greater share of the spoils of the war. And it was undertaken, equally, by all the former allies in the common war effort. There may or may not have been reasons why others than ourselves should have been granted more of the spoils or the influence. But reason and justice do not play primary roles in cold wars. It was decreed that the time had come to hurl back the other contestants — and first and foremost the communist Soviet Union. In order that reason and justice not delay the matter, the "label" was hauled out, refurbished, and sent off among the people. Labelling is swift. It makes clear to subjects and citizens that the matter is "serious," that "Papa knows best," and that "Papa spanks." It's as simple and corny and nauseating as that.

This was known to the Hollywood Ten. Hollywood, after the war, was still imbued with the moral fervor of "war promises" and "the good life for all returning soldiers" and "peace on earth in a democratic paradise once peace was achieved." This now was suspect. It was "sentimentality in the face of stern realities." It was a "too vivid memory of a passing phase of history." The job ahead was to fight the Cold War. And the Committee "undertook" or "was given" or "fell heir to" that job in the mass communications industries. Label **The Best Years of Our Lives** a subversive film because an American banker refuses a loan to an ex-soldier who has no collateral. Obviously communist propaganda. Label **Song of Russia** a subversive film—"it showed Russians smiling." Obvious communist propaganda. Then call the films' writers before the committee. Not to discuss the film. Only to match them to a label. "Are you now or have you ever been a communist?" Answer "yes" or "no." And that one-word-answer would determine: the character of the

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seems to be toting a guitar, when used car lots advertise "Hootenanny Sale", and willowy girls drive around in Alfa-Romeos bought with the royalties from their albums of chain-gang blues and piney woods laments, it seems unbelieveable that when I first came to New York, The Almanacs were, to my knowledge, the only folk-singing group north of the Cumberland Gap.

We were all children of the Depression, who had seen bone-aching poverty, bummed freights across country, shared gunny-sack blankets with the dispossessed and the disinherited. We had learned our songs from gaunt, unemployed Carolina cotton weavers and evicted Dust Bowl drifters. Such as they were, our politics were a crude, hand-me-down cross between Eugene Debs and the old Wobblies. A primitive, folk version of what Franklin D. Roosevelt was saying in his fireside chats. We were against hunger, war and silicosis, against bankers, landlords, politicians and Dixie deputy sheriffs. We were for the working stiff, the underdog, and the outcast, and those were the passions we poured into our songs. We were all raw off the road, and to New York's left-wing intellectuals we must have seemed the authentic voice of the working class. Singing at their benefits kept us in soup and guitar-string money.

Years later, before the Senate Committee, I found that period haphazardly reported and

writer, the character of the film, the character of the Guild to which he belonged and the character of the industry in which he had been employed and in which the film was made . . .

In any place, in any time, the policies that suit the momentary interests of the governing may be erroneous, tragically wrong, or suicidal for their people. These policies cannot be righted except by the wisdom, intuition, counsel and the opposition of the people. Any government that does not encourage its people to contest with it in determining policy confesses its fear of correction, its antipathy to a balanced human society. All governments must expose their views to their people without fear. And the people must expose their views to their government equally without fear. It was for that purpose that the Amendments were added to our Constitution. It was for that reason that the content of the First Amendment was given first place among the original ten. It does not exist, in reality, in our country. It was to give it reality, in a time of great crisis for our people, that the Hollywood Ten undertook their long battle against the contempt citations of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

They lost. So did the people of the country. Blacklist ensued. That blacklist, now eighteen years old, is still in existence in all the major mass media in the country. This, despite the fact that a few writers, by dint of prodigious effort in the black market through many years, have won their way into the possession of their own rightful names. That is less important than that in these days of wars that are not wars but that can be instantly proliferated into wars to end all wars, and the human species along with them, the people of the United States, their representatives to Congress, and even to world bodies, fear to speak their views, fear to have views, because they fear to have them discovered. So long as opinion is suspect, so long as those who hold them fear to hold them, so long as the House Committee on Un-American Activities may lampoon citizens with the label "peaceniks," so long as the First Amendment is inoperative — so long do we have a democracy when it suits the government—and do not when it does not—which means that we do not when we need it most.

There is a powerful relation between the possession of ideas and the freedom, the safety, the secure normalcy of their expression. So long as courage is required to hold views publicly—no matter how dissident they may be at any point in the spectrum of advocacy — the country is in the same dangerous state it was in during the era of McCarthy. Not that the present atmosphere is similar. It is not. Channels and methods of communication are opened. The valiant Negro population, and the men and women concerned with our military intervention in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, are creating growing enclaves of discussion. But encroachments are inching forward. And there is no established legal bar to their assuming disastrous proportion. They threaten the true voice of America—which is the open, spontaneous self-declaration of all of us, unselfconscious and proud. This is the primary defense of America by Americans. No army, operating anywhere in the world, can achieve it, or bring it to us as a gift. It must be self-created. It can be created by a people who hold their consciences dearer than their comforts or their jobs—even if they have both.

This task is now entering upon its 175th year. The Hollywood Ten made their effort in the 156th year of this continuing struggle. When we have won it, we will become a people. We will not have to die in the fields of Mississippi, the streets of Los Angeles, the rice paddies of Vietnam —or upon the professional vines of the mass media of communication, because we loved our country too much to keep quiet or to be quieted.

T.O.

presented as evidence that I had taken part in a subversive plot to bring riot and ruin to my native land. I was ordered to account for my life and to give the names of everyone I could ever remember having seen at those bygone benefits. Considering privacy of belief to be a constitutional right of all Americans, I refused. . . .

Excerpt from my journal:

This morning, nine days before the deadline, the director V. calls to offer me a job writing a documentary film about an oil boom town in North Dakota. He is aware that I am blacklisted, but is willing to take a chance. Apologizes for not being able to give me name credit. Disgusted by the blacklist, he will, as a protest, not ask me to use a pseudonym. The credits will not mention any writer.

If the predominant tenor of the era was fear, there was also moving evidence of courage and compassion:

In today's mail, a letter from the prominent actor, C. Some time ago he starred in a radio play of mine, but I really do not know him very well. He is a rock-ribbed conservative, but in the envelope I find a $500 check and a brief note. "I have a feeling that life is going to get pretty rough in the days ahead. This is a gift to use when you need to catch your breath and get back your perspective." I return the check with thanks and a dignity which I probably cannot afford.

In those first years, the two major sources of work were other writers suffering from a creative block and desperate producers with deadline and budget trouble. I spent four months filling the assignments of a well-known writer who found himself unable to face his typewriter. It was a lucky and profitable arrangement that ended when he appeared one midnight and haggardly told me that his analyst had advised him that signing his name to my work was giving him an even deeper psychological problem, "He says I'm losing my identity." . . .

The doorbell rings, and I find myself confronted by the well-known character actor, S. In the last decade he has appeared in more than fifty Western movies. Blacklisted now, he is peddling Christmas cards house-to-house. He displays his wares and I regretfully explain that I can't afford to send cards this year. He settles for a cup of coffee and reminisces about Gary Cooper and Gene Autry.

By the mid 1950's, the situation had eased a bit. A sympathetic fledgling producer, employing the talents of blacklisted writers, came up with two extremely successful network children's adventure series. And the word was getting around that such-and-such a Hollywood box-office smash, though signed by Y., was actually written by X. There even began to grow a certain mystique about the spectacular feats of the twilight writers. It was not uncommon for me to get calls from acquaintances who would chortle. "I just saw your play on television. Okay, okay, you can't say anything. But you can't kid me, I'd recognize your style anywhere."

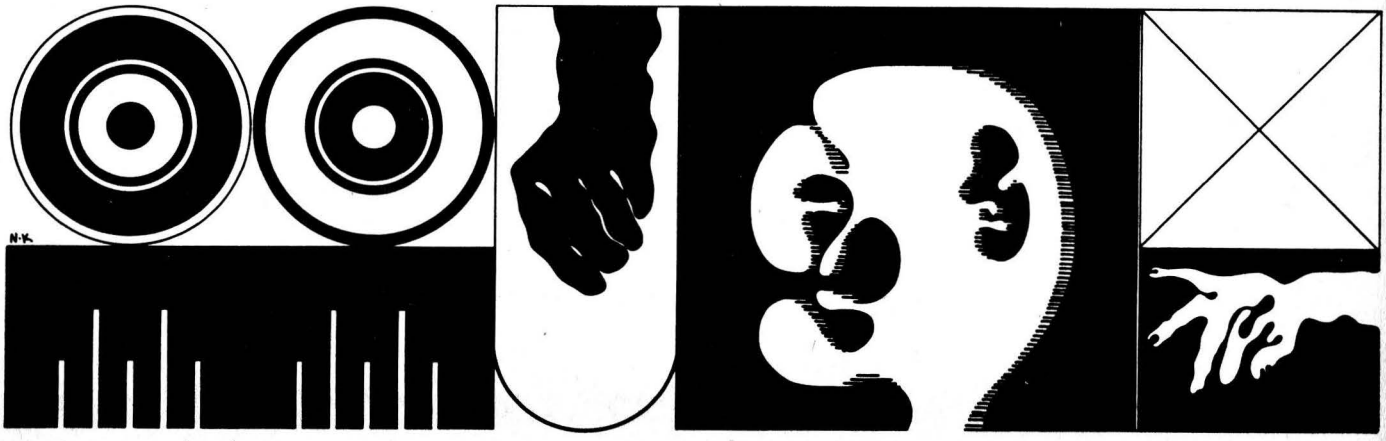
The producer T. tells me that the head of a major Hollywood studio threw the fourth draft of a script back at him, yelling, "It stinks. Do me a favor, stop wasting money, go find yourself a blacklisted writer."

The actor C. invites me to lunch and proposes that I write the pilot script for a series that one of the networks has asked him and his wife to do. I explain that I am blacklisted, and while I would very much like the job, I will have to use a pseudonym. He insists that my name will be on it, brushing aside my warnings that it may cause trouble, telling me that he considers the blacklist morally repugnant.

I write the pilot, and the star is delighted with it. He delivers it personally to the network's vice president in charge of production who glances at my name and hands it back. "It's lousy." C. protests that he hasn't even read it, only to be informed, "Look, even if it was Tolstoy, it would be lousy."

Sobered but stubborn, C. offers me the job anyhow. I can sign my work with another name. Only it will have to be the name of an actual writer who can appear at script conferences and rehearsals. After some searching, I find a gifted young writer who is willing to collaborate, and whose name and face will represent us both.

I had read Kafka, but nothing prepared me for the emotions of living in the strange world



of the nameless. A script of mine won a major award, and I remember the queer feeling of being a non-person when another writer went up to claim it. At that, I think it was even worse for him. He tried to give me the trophy, miserably telling me that he felt like a fraud. We ended up tossing it in a trash can, and then went out and got drunk together. . . .

I find a whole section of my journal devoted to those who sought to purge themselves, pathetic case histories of the anatomy of panic:

K. has known the playwright O. since the Thirties, a close and sentimental friendship. One of O.'s plays is currently playing in a revival, and he has insisted that K. be hired as stage manager.

After being blacklisted for a number of years, O. arranged to go before the Committee and clear himself. At two in the morning, K.'s doorbell rings. It is O. looking ill and exhausted. He points at K. and says in a terrible whisper, "I named you." Then he turns and shuffles back toward the elevator. From others, I gather he spent the whole night making the rounds of the friends he turned in to the Committee.

Opening night party at the house of the film and stage director, K. He draws me into a corner and tells me that, on the road in New Haven, he was visited by an investigator from the Un-American Activities Committee. "I told him to drop dead." K. goes on for twenty minutes, describing his indignation and defiance, reviling the blacklist. The next day, I learn from his friend T. that when all this took place, K. had already appeared before the Committee and named names.

In 1960, what seemed to be a wide crack appeared in the wall of the blacklist. I was offered the job of writing a film in London, working with a renowned Hollywood director who had fled a committee subpoena. It was a suspense film of, I think, considerable artistic quality, and despite the fact that our names were on it, American distribution rights were purchased by a major Hollywood company. When the first publicity came out, a few weeks before it was to open on Broadway, a Long Island post of the American Legion threatened to picket the theater. The film corporation hastily abandoned plans for the premiere. But they had half a million dollars at stake, and their lawyers met with Legion representatives to work out a deal to protect their investment. The film would have no official opening. A few months would be allowed to pass, to let things cool off. Then the picture would be quietly sneaked into the neighborhood theaters as part of a double bill with a Cary Grant comedy.

And so it went. Truce came to Korea, and McCarthy, after being out-maneuvered at one of his own hearings by Department of the Army lawyer Joseph Welch, was squashed by his colleagues in the Senate and eventually died. Dalton Trumbo won an Oscar under the name of Robert Rich, and emerged from Underground to write "Exodus" in his own name for Otto Preminger, John Henry Faulk sued several of the self-appointed patriots who had put pressure on the networks and won a whopping award for character damage. The blacklist began to crumble and producers assured me that in their hearts they had always opposed it. Along Madison Avenue and Sunset Boulevard, people wondered exactly how it had ever happened in the first place.

Actually, blacklisting lasted longest in broadcasting. By 1961, my cantata "The Lonesome Train" was beginning to be performed again in schools and colleges. In 1962, I got my first name credit on a film for a Hollywood major studio, without picket lines or protest. But it was not until 1964 that David Susskind and Dan Melnick's Talent Associates approached me to write a script for their CBS series "East Side West Side". I said I wouldn't consider doing it without credit and they answered unhesitatingly, "Of course." The play I wrote was called "No Hiding Place". It was about a Negro family moving into a white suburb. The first time my name had appeared on the home screen in more than a decade, my script won half a dozen awards, and the network scheduled a special repeat broadcast.

George Schaefer, director of Hallmark's Hall of Fame, happened to see it, and had his assistant look up my name in the telephone book. He asked if I would accept a commission to write an original drama for the program. The result was "Eagle in a Cage", with Trevor Howard playing Napoleon in exile on St. Helena.

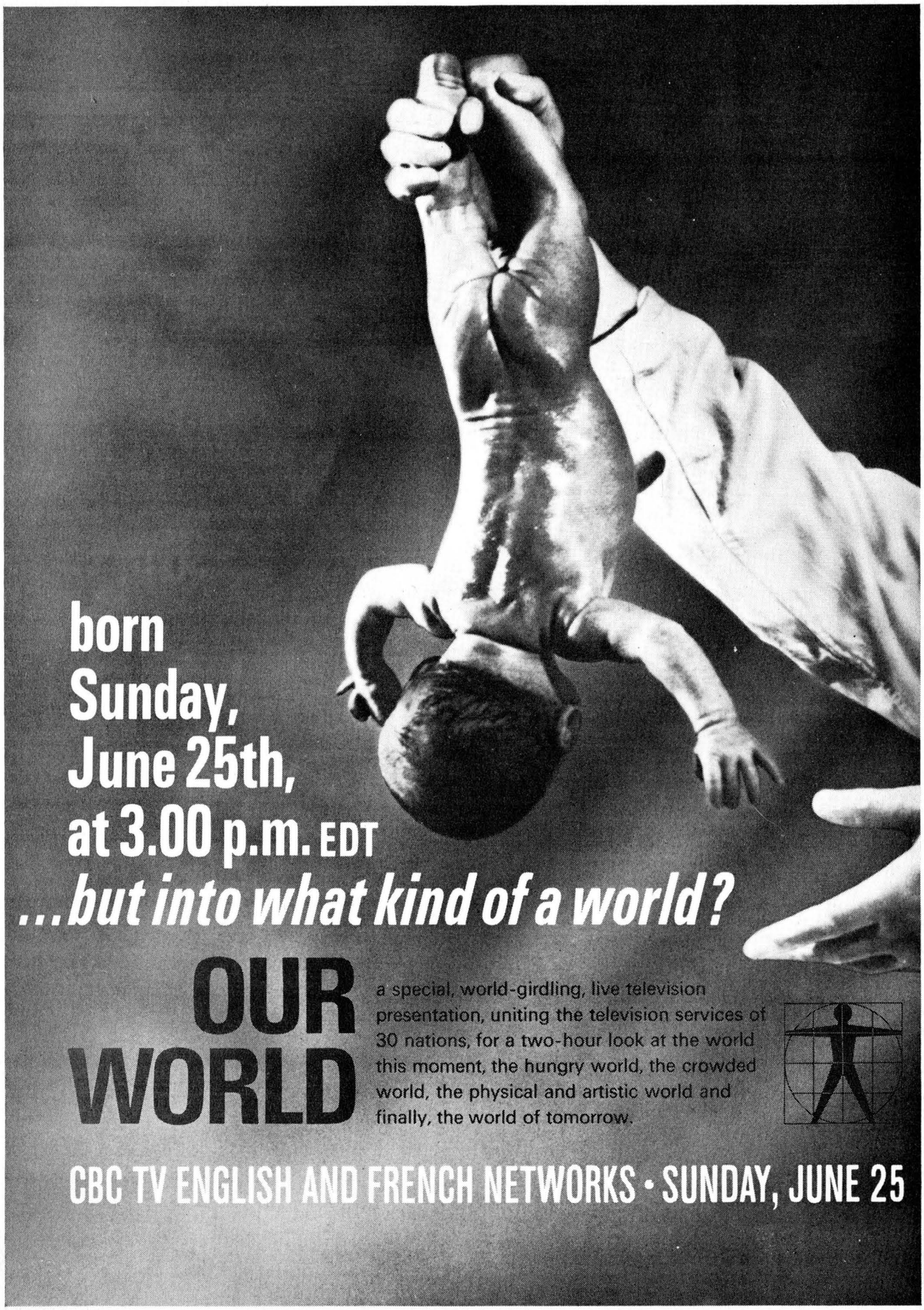
Meanwhile, I had started writing for the theater. My first play opened on Broadway, and my second was premiered at Washington D.C.'s Arena Stage. A long scene from that second play, "Hard Travelin' ", was presented last year at the White House Festival of the Arts, and I was invited to be there for the occasion. Then came the Emmy award, and it seemed that I had at last come in from the cold.

Or had I?

Once again we are involved in a confusing, bloody, stalemate conflict in a far-off place. Once again there is a flare-up of belligerent patriotism, signs of official impatience with dissent.

I remember arguing until dawn, some years ago, with Antek, one of the handful of surviving fighters from the Warsaw Ghetto. He insisted that terror was not a matter of geography, and that the fear and savagery that exploded in Warsaw might happen anywhere. And I avowed that it could never happen here. Not in a nation with the tradition of Jefferson and Lincoln.

Assuming that we remember that heritage, and our lapses from it. Assuming that Carl Sandburg was wrong the day I heard him say, grinning crookedly in that way of his, "Man has a quick forgettery." T.O.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Brilliant colours on a huge screen illuminethe theatre within Ontario's pavilion at Expo. Chris Chapman's ambitious special movie, **A Place To Stand,** is showing. We see four swimmers run along high diving boards and then plunge gracefully down, down into the blue water. **A Place To Stand** presents many pictures at the same moment, but from one strip of film onto just one screen. The swimmers are shown as four separate pillar images; they run and dive — one, two — from left to right — three, four. Chris Chapman is painstakingly working towards the future of movie presentation. It is a future which may appear only gradually and laboriously, as multi-image films (and mixed media shows of all types) move in from the super fairgrounds over the fringes of mainstream picturegoing. I must admit that I'm in no hurry to relinquish the poor old present; one image on one screen doesn't bore me yet. Still, **A Place To Stand** (and, but more sparsely, **Labyrinth**) manages some heart-lifting, mind-expanding moments at which the future seems, after all, worth waiting for.

You could spend half your life, profitably, at Expo and, during a brief visit, I could see only three of the major film offerings. Bell Telephone has entrusted **Canada 67** to Disney and received back a pleasant circular ribbon of experience — a simple, jolly movie made for tourists by tourists.

Simplicity and jollity are kept at bay in **Labyrinth,** created by the National Film Board Very Much of Canada. This experience, with screens every whichway and interpolations from other media, is so earnest and restrained (i.e. emotionally restrained, considering the opportunities for battering the senses inherent in its novel techniques) that I wish I liked it better. Whether or not the films impress you, you'll probably enjoy an interlude with twinkling coloured lights, which provides the sensation of being gently goosed under a Christmas tree.

From Griffith's experiments fifty years ago to Cinerama today, the most practical, flexible uses of variable screen size for selective impact seem to me those made on one strip of film:

If you spend every hour of every day that Expo is open watching films, you still won't be able to see every film at Expo. Almost all of the pavilions use films, film loops, and slides as part of their exhibits, and many show feature-length films as well. Well-known film makers represented at Expo include Shirley Clarke, Walter Lassally, and John and Faith Hubley.

So many of the films shown use multiple-screens that one might suspect that, after a trip to Expo, conventional movies are going to seem pretty tame . . . but I wonder. To begin with, the films using 3, 5 or 6 screens rarely give one more of a feeling of "being in the picture" than did the old 3-projector Cinerama, and when they try for a Cinerama effect (the roller-coaster ride in Thompson and Hammid's **We Are Young** or the soap-box derby in their **To Be Alive**), they never really make it because of the large seam between the screens.

Because so many films at Expo use these spectacular processes, one soon becomes accustomed to them and is impressed not by the number of screens a film uses but by what it puts on those screens. Thus, though there are five films in the Canadian Pavilion's revolving theatre, only two are memorable: Michel Brault's beautiful **Settlement and Conflict** and George Dunning's delightful cartoon **Confederation**.

Labyrinth's much-publicised multi-screen theatres are a disappointment but the film itself is quite moving. **The Earth is Man's Home** (by Nick and Ann Chaparos in Man the Explorer), **We Are Young** and **To Be Alive** resemble **Labyrinth** and use spectacular effects: The **Earth is Man's Home** is shown on a vertical screen (i.e. high-screen rather than wide-screen) divided into 3 sections, **To Be Alive** (at the UN Pavilion) uses 3 screens and 3 projectors, and **We Are Young** 6 screens and 6 projectors. But all three films suffer in comparison with **Labyrinth** because they are often trite and maudlin while **Labyrinth,** using much of the same material, manages not to be.

The most practical multi-image process is that devised by Bruce Martin for Chris Chapman's film **A Place to Stand** in the Ontario Pavilion. This film uses one 70mm projector and screen and can employ the whole screen for one image, divide the screen into several images, or have the frame of an image move and-or change shape. Here again, however, it is the film as well as the technical system that holds interest. Chapman does exactly what he was meant to do — sell Ontario without letting his medium get in the way of his message.

The multi-screen systems used in so many of the Expo exhibits may in time have some effect on conventional films, though it seems unlikely that those systems using more than one

for this reason, I've brought away from Expo a sense of purpose and direction first and foremost from **A Place To Stand.** Ontario (in the theme song, Ontari-ari-ari-o) was mightily sensible to sponsor it. Chris Chapman's intricate work deserves enormous respect. He wasn't alone, of course, in such an undertaking but his artist's stamp is on the result, the fruits of collating and cutting by a master craftsman of photographic light.

Clive Denton

projector will ever be very practical. Meanwhile, some of the resources used to develop these new systems might perhaps be put to work solving some of the cinema's old problems. The problem of film wearing out, for example: already many of the films at Expo are showing scratches near the ends of reels — and if you find scratches annoying on one screen you should see them on six.

Joe Medjuck

THE ABBREVIATED GUIDE TO EXPO FILMS

When two or more films are similar we have listed only our personal preference in order to keep this list brief enough to be practical. Most of the films listed are described more fully elsewhere in the article.

FILM	FILM-MAKERS	TECHNIQUE	LENGTH	PAVILION
Labyrinth	NFB: Roman Kroitor Colin Low Hugh O'Connor	film projected on "wall" and "floor", plus a 5-screen showing	45 min.	Labyrinth
Growth of Canada	Grant Crabtree Michel Brault George Dunning F.R. Crawley Claude Fournier	5 films; theatre moves from film to film	30 min.	Canada
Urbanissimo	The Hubleys	animated cartoon in scope	5 min.	Man in the Community (Enchanted City)
We Are Young	Francis Thompson Alexander Hammid	6 screens	20 min.	CP-Cominco
Kinoautomat	Raduz Chinchera	At various points audience decides how plot will proceed	1 hr.	Czechoslovakia
Canada 67	Robert Lawrence Robert Barclay	360 degree screen devised by Disney Studios	22 min.	Telephone
A Place to Stand	Chris Chapman	multiple images on one 70 mm screen	17 min.	Ontario
Polar Life	Graeme Ferguson	12 screens, revolving theatre	18 min.	Man the Explorer

OTHER EXHIBITS OF INTEREST

The US Pavilion has a section devoted to Hollywood which includes stills of actors, both the famous and the not-so-famous, as well as film clips from "classic" Hollywood movies.

Norman McLaren's experiments with translucent mobile sculptures alternate with **Urbanissimo** in the **Man in the Community** Pavilion.

Puppets by Czech artist and film-maker Jiri Trnka are used in the "Workaday Community" section of **Man in the Community.**

The Czech Pavilion has what is perhaps the best use of slides at the fair in the **Symphony of Czech Industry.**

The UK Pavilion uses 69 projectors in an impressive display of loops, slides and films, as well as showing a 3-screen film by Donald Levy entitled **Sources of Power.**

Feature films are screened every evening at 8:30 in the Czech Pavilion (free admission). Phone 871-1464 for information.

The Vendome Theatre (in Place Victoria) is holding a festival of Soviet cinema until the end of October. A new film every week. Shows at 1:15, 4:00, 6:45 & 9:30. Admission $1.00 in the afternoons, $1.75 in the evening. 878-1451 for further information.

Expo's Youth Pavilion screens a different feature film every midnight. Admission is free, but (as there is always a crowd) it is a good idea to get a pass in advance (available at the pavilion from 3 pm the day of the show). 397-7683 for information.

The French Pavilion presents over 360 films (many for the first time in North America) in two cycles (one silent, one sound). Each of the two cycles is a history of the French cinema (1895-1929 for the silent; 1929 to the present for the sound) and they last, running concurrently, about 15 days. Then the cycles are repeated, but using different films as illustrations. Three identical shows a day: 10:30, 2:30 and 6:30. Phone 397-6977 for more detailed program information.

The Youth Pavilion has 8mm equipment available to young people interested in film-making.

Name

Address

City Zone Province

Gift card to read, from

Name

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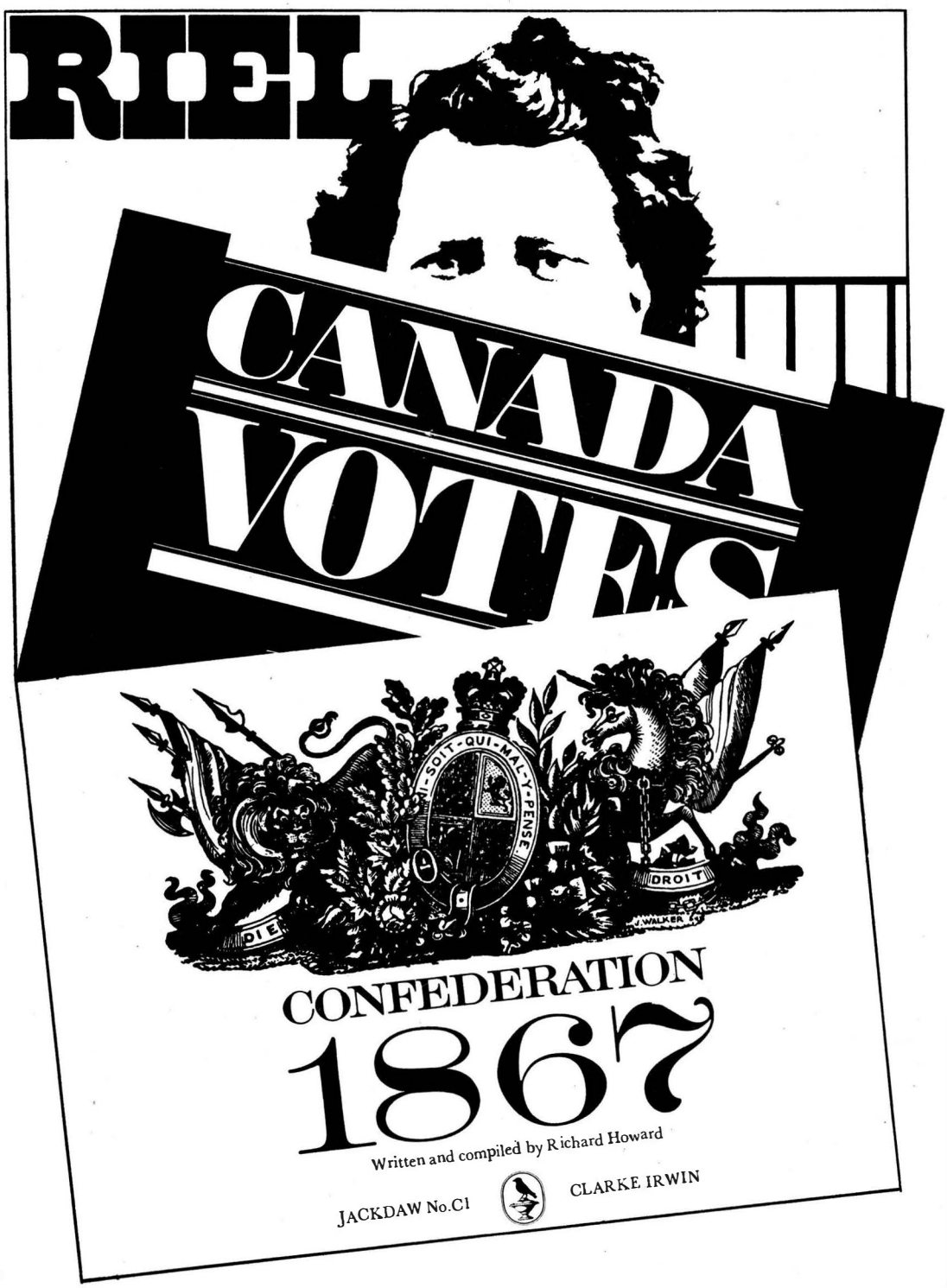
ARE YOU BEING BURIED BY THE UNDER-GROUND

Having trouble sifting your cinéma verité from your auteur theory? At that party, did you recently fall prey to the suggestion that *The Seventh Seal* was a mystical allegory about circus life? Do you stay awake wondering who played opposite Mary Morris in *Double Door,* "The Play that Made Broadway Gasp"?

We have the solution. TAKE ONE will rid you of the trivial topsoil of filmdom and get you to the real nitty-gritty of moviemaking. Authoritative articles wrapped in sprightly presentations.

Who knows? In our next issue there might be a piece on Mary Morris?


RIEL
CANADA VOTES
HONI-SOIT-QUI-MAL-Y-PENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT
CONFEDERATION
1867
Written and compiled by Richard Howard
JACKDAW No.C1
CLARKE IRWIN

MAIN ATTRACTION

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Gerald Pratley's

Cannes Diary

ULYSSES — A SCANDAL

Days of controversy at Cannes have long since gone and only retrogressive editors think of Cannes in terms of sand and sex, bikinis and bare bottoms. But artistic and political scandals persist. Last year, the Spaniards threatened to leave if Resnais' **The War Is Over** was shown in competition. This however, was mild compared to what the festival itself did to Joseph Strick's **Ulysses**.

The first showing was at 3:00 in the afternoon and the huge Palais du Festival was, of course, packed to suffocation point. All went well except for a brief but serious disturbance during the somewhat tedious "Ulysses in night town" sequence. Here, a man in the audience shouted "this isn't a dirty picture it's a boring one." Others shouted agreement, others told them to shut up or leave. There were whistles, hoots and cries for silence. About half a dozen people left noisily, and all was quiet. During the soliloquy there were a few restless 'tut tuts' and some laughter. When the projection was over, Joseph Strick, in the celebrities balcony, received a standing ovation.

At the crowded press conference that followed, Strick announced with some triumph that, although the film was banned in Australia and South Africa and could play only to segregated audiences in New Zealand (men one night, women the next), he had just received word from London that the London County Council had over-ruled the British censor and allowed the film to be shown uncut.

When a critic asked him how he felt about his film being banned, he said: "What can one do? You might carry your case to a supreme court in one country, but who has the time and money to do this in all countries which ban a film? We do the best we can. We appeal to the censors, try to talk to them, but if they refuse to see reason, we can do no more. But I must say what I'm very pleased about is that it has been shown in the United States without difficulties."

He confessed to a form of paranoia over **Ulysses**. "I love my film so much that I love everybody who likes it and hate anyone who dislikes it." When a woman promptly spoke up, saying she hated it, he said he wished she would leave.

But as Strick congratulated the festival authorities for showing his film (it was an invited entry) someone, somewhere, was busily at work attempting to eliminate the French subtitles during the soliloquy.

And so at the second and formal showing at 8:30 that evening, again to a packed house, mostly officials, delegates, high society and the press, all went well until the final sequence when it became apparent that the titles had been tampered with.

It was so badly done that a word came through here and there, others were faint, some completely blacked out. Strick's anguished voice was heard from the balcony shouting "Stop the film, stop it at once."

Immediate uproar spread through the Palais. There were cries for and against the film. Finally, the "down with censors everywhere" cry seemed to emerge triumphant and an American called to Strick saying "We are with you Joe. Let the film continue", and it did — with non-English speaking members of the audience denied their translation.

Because a few people had complained about the early show and because the festival director, Favre le Bret, a true dictator in the French tradition, hadn't realized what the film was really about, he ordered the eliminations and also suppressed the public showing in the Olympia Cinema the following day.

The next morning, Strick called a press conference, feelings ran high and manifestoes were issued right and left. There was talk of all producers withdrawing their films in sympathy, of all critics going on strike, of demands being made for explanations and apologies.

But nothing happened. In the great flood of films unreeling every minute at Cannes, no one really cares on the morrow what happened the night before. Most of the world's press saw the first performance and as one delegate said rather cynically, "What does it matter. It's been splendid publicity."

THE FIRST WEEK

The Festival's early start this year (due to an early Easter) has meant a cold 'mistral' wind driving down from the mountains, a rough sea, and fitful sunlight through overcast skies.

None of this has given any pleasure to sun-worshippers, but neither has it lessened the vast throngs of people who walk the Croisette and gather outside the Palais du Festival to watch the multitude of press repre-

sentatives, critics, national delegates, officials, producers and distributors, socialites and celebrities, film makers and stars, who pour in and out, day and night, to see the 50-odd films from about 30 countries unreel in and out of competition and under different auspices during the festival's 15-day run.

This greatest of all film festivals (rivalled only in size by Moscow) and now in its 21st year, makes certain that anyone coming here knows that a film festival is in progress. The flags of the competing nations fly out tall and full in the wind, making a striking, colourful appearance along with the masses of flowers growing in every conceivable place.

Never before in the history of the cinema has film been such a vital, out-spoken and audacious medium — too much, at times, for some people who are enraged by its social comment. The theme of most of the films here this year is that, more than ever before, evil flourishes and the innocent, if they are not strong, are defeated.

This was exemplified early in the festival in actual fact when a discouraged Joseph Strick returned to London after withdrawing **Ulysses** from competition. He asked for an apology and a reshowing of his film with the sub-titles intact and received only the back of the festival director's hand in reply.

After a bad opening night with **Rasputin**, a French film by Robert Hossein with a sadly miscast Gert Frobe as the 'mad monk', the program picked up immediately with **I Met Some Happy Gypsies** from Yugoslavia, a beautiful and strikingly made picture about gypsy life. "The title", explained director Alexander Petrovic, "is ironic. There are no happy gypsies." The film is an admission that not even a communist society can change their lot, or curb the hatred which people have of them.

This may be Yugoslavia's year of renaissance following the Czechs and the Poles. Two other Yugoslav entries, **Rondo** and **Love Dossier,** are remarkable examples of free film making, not only in technique but also in content.

Hungary still follows the slow, black-and-white plod, although there is much that is compelling in **Six Thousand Suns,** a massive story of a family whose life starts under the old regime and continues through the war, the revolt, the old form of communism and now the new — with much suffering and little joy.

The first Italian film is a superb study of Sicilian life called **To Each His Own** with Irene Papas. Directed by Elio Petri, it concerns the mysterious murder of her husband. On a higher level the film brilliantly indicates that coming to grips with corruption in Sicily is almost impossible because everyone, from the Archbishop down, is responsible.

It is open season on the church this year, which comes in for scathing criticism in nearly every film shown. The second Italian film, **Misunderstood,** from Luigi Comencini, is quite the opposite in technique. Taken from a melodramatic English novel of the 1880's by Florence Henderson it tells of a British diplomat in Florence who loses his wife and then his son, whom he has never understood. Hated by the critics as 'a sentimental tear-jerker' and loved by the public, this picture is splendidly photographed in colour with excellent performances by Anthony Quayle and two young children.

What parents do to their children, mentally and emotionally, is another prevalent theme this year. Leopoldo Torre Nillson's Argentine-US co-production, **Monday's Child**, would have been improved had it been as fortunate with its child actor as the Italian picture. Here, Geraldine Page and Arthur Kennedy are a squabbling, unbalanced, weak but wealthy couple in Puerto Rico who have turned their daughter into a precocious, cruel child.

A German picture, **A Degree of Murder**, by Volker Schlondorf, is an unusual character study of an amoral young girl. She accidentally shoots one of her ex-lovers. She and some casual friends then dispose of the body, lark around, quarrel and make up and pursue their drab, daily life.

Peter Watkins' film **Privilege** was too much for the British critics who violently dislike it. He has given the British a taste of the self-criticism which they have long praised American film makers for giving the Americans — and they don't like it.

Privilege concerns the manner in which the state and big business control a pop singer whose vast popularity with the public makes it easy to manipulate. It is a far more successful projection of life in the near future than Truffaut's **Fahrenheit.** Watkins has brought his stark documentary style from **The War Game** and **Culloden** to the dramatised colour film with great success. Only the chilling factual commentary is less effective, because we know it concerns what might be, rather than what has been.

The Czech film, **Hotel for Strangers,** by Antonin Masa, goes back into the past to recreate with great style, elegance and atmosphere a period of grace and charm, good manners and waltz music, but in which cruelty and deception flourish. A young poet comes to meet the girl he loves, and finds death instead.

In the Swedish entry, **Elvira Madigan,** by Bo Widerberg, a soldier deserts from the army, leaves his family, and runs away with a beautiful tight-rope walker — also a prisoner of circumstances. They spend an idyllic summer together. As winter approaches and society has made it plain that it has no place for them in which to live, they commit suicide. Based on a true story and set in the last century, this film is so beautifully made and controlled it almost defies description.

THE SECOND WEEK

The third part of Russia's monumental film of Tolstoy's **War and Peace** was shown out-of-competition here to wildly applauding audiences as the armies of Napoleon and Kutuzov met in fearful combat in the Battle of Borodino.

Almost the entire film is devoted to this massive clash of arms and it is true to say that the cinema has never seen anything like it before. With echoes of D.W. Griffith, **Gone With the Wind** and **Doctor Zhivago**, the great 70mm screen is so skilfully used that the spectator reels from the impact of men, cannons and horses.

Directed by Sergei Bondarchuk (who also plays Pierre) and in production for over five years at a cost of sixty million dollars, Bondarchuk arrived for the showing and his press conference looking considerably aged after his long ordeal. He announced that Part Four was finished and the film complete.

(Mosfilm no doubt breathed a sigh of relief. Costs went far above the budget, but having gone so far, there

was no alternative but to finish it — the most expensive film in history.)

Asked how many men were used, he replied: "There were 200,000 involved in the actual battle. We used that many." Asked why he used shells that weren't actually invented until 15 years later, he replied impassively, "There is the truth of life and the truth of art", leaving everyone to puzzle that out for themselves.

All four parts of **War and Peace** will be shown for the first time together (with vodka intermissions?) at the Moscow film festival in July. Then in Montreal in August, the only place moviegoers in North America will see the full version.

Another changed film maker, but in a different way and for different reasons, is the Italian, Michaelangelo Antonioni. Usually a withdrawn, non-communicative, quiet and morbid man, he arrived for the showing of **Blow-Up** dressed in a yellow corduroy suit and green socks, accompanied by the long-haired and lovely Vanessa Redgrave.

He laughed and joked, displayed a rare friendliness, and talked freely. Swinging London, everyone said, must have liberated him. **Blow-Up** was the festival's best-liked film, and hundreds were turned away in spite of extra performances. Asked what it was like to have a popular success for the first time, he ducked the question.

Politics are very much a part of the unusual Brasilian film, **The Earth** in **Trance,** which for censorship reasons employs a chaotic narrative and heavy symbolism in its cry of rage at dictatorships, poverty, excessive wealth and political intrigue. In spite of the treatment, the director, Glauber Rocha, told his press conference that his film was banned because the authorities suspected it of containing "subliminal communism".

Accident by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter, met with a mixed reception, being described as "a masterpiece" and as "more pointless Pinterisms". Another British entry (directed by Anthony Harvey), **Dutchman**, from the play by LeRoi Jones with Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, was however, described as a small masterpiece without exception.

Another highly praised film was the Czech out-of-competition entry, **Closely Watched Trains**, a comedy-drama of wartime, a remarkable, sad, yet delightful picture which deserves to find the same success as **Loves of a Blonde**.

Israel sent an interesting if at times baffling picture called **Three Days and a Child**, about an unhappy love affair. All the joys and woes of the world, its political and religious deceits, are aptly and amusingly summed up in Rolf Thiele's excellent German film called **Once a Greek**, one of Durrenmatt's wicked comedies, with Heinz Ruhmann as an innocent saved by the power of love.

And this leaves France, with three mixed entries. The first, **Mouchette,** is undoubtedly brilliant — a film by Robert Bresson, both deeply moving and unbearably real, about a 14 year-old girl, daughter and drudge of an impoverished peasant family, unable to understand the hypocrisy of life, who finally commits suicide. Once again, Bresson avoids using professional actors.

The Killing Game by Alain Jessua, is a loud, wild, stylish story of the mod generation, with pop art and comic strips, cruelty and selfishness. Nadine Trintignant's **Mon Amour, Mon Amour**, on the other hand, is all sweet, silly, sentimental and childish, as her husband Jean-Louis, goes through an attempt to make another **A Man and a Woman** — one of which is enough to last for quite some time.

CLOSING CEREMONIES

This year's quiet festival ended with a bang as one incident after the other fused to make the closing ceremonies one of the most explosive in the festival's history.

It all began with Claude Lelouch's deplorable behaviour over the promising Yugoslav entry, **I Met Some Happy Gypsies**. Lelouch, the unpopular winner of last year's Grand Prix for his film, **A Man and a Woman**, resigned from the jury because he had acquired the French distribution rights to **Gypsies** while the festival was in progress, and therefore, could hardly take part in voting for the prize-winning films.

While, ethically, this was the correct way to behave, it left a very bad taste with festivalgoers. Lelouch, it seemed, considered his jury duties so lightly that for 15 days he could not leave business alone, allowing financial considerations to intrude into his jury duties.

The Grand Prix went to Antonioni's **Blow-Up.** On the whole, everyone was pleased. On the stage, Michaelangelo declared with great emotion that "This Grand Prix will help me to forget the way that **L'Avventura** was received by the Cannes Festival. I'll never forget that terrible night six years ago when my film was received with boos and hisses. My wife, Monica Vitti, cried all night."

The prize was presented by Virna Lisi, one of several beautiful actresses on the stage with festival officials. Shining among them was Brigitte Bardot, the cause of another incident.

She was asked to attend, never having been to Cannes before, and agreed to do so if the festival showed a film about Africa called **Batouk**, made by her husband, Gunther Sachs. So out went America's **Custer's Last Stand** (not that it was said to be of any quality) and in went a pretentious, arty study of Africa.

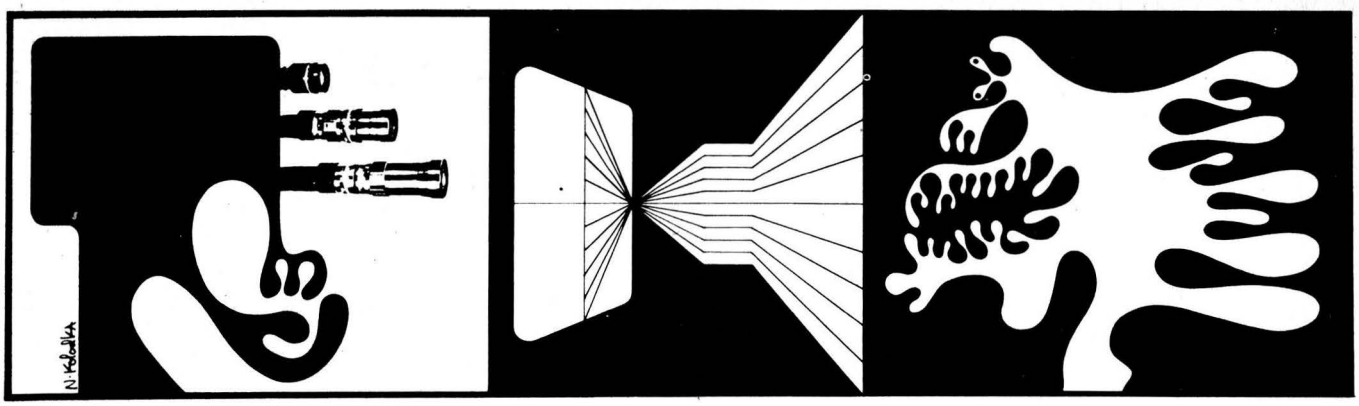
The acting awards were far from satisfactory and met with a mixed reception of boos and cheers. The best actress award went to 17-year-old Pia Dagemark for her role of a circus performer in love with a soldier in Bo Widerberg's **Elvira Madigan.** The film is a director's triumph rather than that of the players, and many felt that the award should have gone to Irene Papas for her part in **To Each His Own**, directed by Elio Petri of Italy.

The best actor award was absurd — to the Israeli actor Odded Kotler for **Three Days and a Child**. Few could remember the part he played in the picture.

Among the awards presented by other organisations, Alan King's CBC documentary, **Warrendale**, received a special diploma from the International Federation of Film Societies as "the best and most courageous film shown in the Week of Critics' films."

And finally, to the disgust of many, the jury failed to utter one word of rebuke to festival director Favre Le Bret for his deplorable action in censoring Joseph Strick's **Ulysses,** a film he had invited to the festival.

Principle, it seems, is expedient at Cannes, and this being so, prizes become a mockery. T.O.



THE DIRECTOR AS PILGRIM

CANNES, KING, PERRAULT & some thoughts on the cinéaste as a person-in-his-film

BY PATRICK WATSON

M. Louis Marcorelle, a former high priest of **Cahiers du Cinéma** and now among other things the genial overseer of the **Semaine de la Critique** at Cannes, is a kindly and enthusiastic man who has assumed an apostolic mission to make known among his brethren in Europe the signal virtues of Canadian film. For Marcorelle, Canadian film means chiefly Pierre Perrault, Terence MacCartney Filgate, and Allan King.

Perrault and King both had films invited to Critics' Week this year, and both directors were there at Cannes. Perrault's earlier masterpiece, **Pour la Suite du Monde (The Moontrap)** established him as a great director with Marcorelle and anybody else of sensitivity who has seen it. And his latest pursuit of the world, life-style, and natural wisdom of Alexis Tremblay, of the Ile aux Coudres **(La Regne du Jour)** was very well received this year, too.

Perrault makes not only beautiful films, but beautiful words as well. He has written exquisitely of his spiritual encounter with life, at the hands of the men of the Island, ("Discours sur la Parole", **Culture Vivante,** Ministère des Affaires Culturelles du Québec, No. 1, 1966) in a way that illuminates with some extraordinary insights the relationship of this kind of director with his material, his subjects — his objects.

A similar observation must be made, of course, about Allan King and the people of Warrendale. I cannot be trusted to speak objectively of Allan King, who is my friend, or of **Warrendale,** on which I worked. But in the intimacy of my journey to Cannes with him and the film, and glimpsed across the line of encounter between him and Perrault, and through something that happened to Perrault that week, I came to articulate, and so to know, something more about their quality as persons-in-their-films.

I string beads on a string and look at the pattern. On a string of thought, beads of perception moulded and pierced first for me perhaps by Flaherty, later by Leiterman and my own experiences as a film and television maker, then King. And once upon a time, I suppose, the nervous Boswell, and the grave Plato, and maybe Sandburg upon Lincoln. Anyway, to see suddenly the extent to which the biographee is father to the biographer, whether the craft be words on paper or images on film, has been to come late to an important understanding of what it is that the filmmakers like King and Perrault are doing as they make their films.

"The search for a personal truth" is a motif that has been expressed often enough; what interests me now is the quality of that truth that

the OUTRAGEOUS five

What does a renegade cleric have in common with a sensual moralist who hates "erudite dwarfs, eunuchs, and oracular donkeys" — with an ex-varsity literary mogul — with "a Monster from Toronto" — with sex on the CNR?

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emerges when a subject — Alexis Tremblay in the Perrault films or John Brown and the children in his care at Warrendale — operates upon the filmmaker as prophet, teacher, father.

It is different from the more highly controlled biographical studies by Kroitor and Koenig of Glenn Gould, Maureen Forrester, and Paul Anka. In those films the phenomenological qualities of the persons excited the filmmakers, were clearly perceived, and brilliantly woven into the structure of the films in almost choreographic modes. But at the moment when we learned from Perrault of the death of Alexis Tremblay, I saw that Tremblay had been not a dancer on Perrault's stage, but his father.

Perrault came in, that Saturday afternoon, to the discussion following the first **Warrendale** screening for the **Semaine de la Critique,** and had to tell us how difficult it was for him to take part, for he had just that afternoon learned that Alexis Tremblay, of the Ile aux Coudres, of **Pour la Suite du Monde,** of **La Regne du Jour,** was dead.

Who is director and who is star in such a film? Who is Alexis Tremblay? Just an 80-year old Islander, who moves through a film, in search of the gift that memory offers life? Yes, but also the Man who led the interloping director with his alien tape-recorder, set down on the island one winter evening to research his film, into a sonhood where life no longer derived from words, but where words served life. As God perhaps intended, despite St. John.

King too, in **Warrendale,** is seeking not so much to "say" something about his people, but to learn from them to unlock some resources resident in the experience of grief, fear, loss, anger, and loving. To unlock for him**self.** That he does it with a tool that depends for existence upon an economy that dictates public display may even be a secondary matter. The film is first, for Allan King, **his** way of seeing. That it turns out to be a way for us to see as well is fortunate, but not necessarily essential. Perhaps in **Warrendale** "father" is a less apt image than "disciple", if I may reverse the polarity of the relationship. But functionally the event — of making the film — is quite similar. The director must put his hand, with trust and love, into the hand of the subject, saying Lead Me. Take me Into the Light. That we may share the journey into the light.

These words are prefaces to films, to be tested against the experience of the films themselves. For me too. I have not seen **La Regne du Jour,** arriving at Cannes after it was shown. I will see it at the Montreal festival in August, and test my thoughts against it there. I think, as I recapture **Pour la Suite du Monde** behind my eyeballs, and the words of Perrault before them on a page, that that film tests well. And finally, the extraordinary thing that emerges from the filmmaker's pilgrimage of this kind is that we go upon it too, undistracted by expressions of himself. Such is the purity of his reconstruction of the journey in itself. T.O.

The Ontario Pavilion introduces one of the most exciting film presentations at Expo

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REVIEWS

ACCIDENT

Directed by Joseph Losey. Produced by Joseph Losey and Norman Priggen. Screenplay by Harold Pinter. Music; John Dankworth. Eastmancolour. Cast: Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, Jacqueline Sassard, Vivien Merchant, Delphine Seyrig, Michael York.

The decline of Losey's films continues. After his impressive **The Servant**, one was inclined to accept **Modesty Blaise** as the unbecoming antic of an old man pretending to be young. But with **Accident**, Losey suggests that **Modesty** was no mischance; and that **The Servant** was odd man out.

For **Accident,** Losey has borrowed, in the most pedantic way, Antonioni's extended shot ending and developed it into a style of paralysing formality — slow zoom out, tilt down, track back, zoom in... Unfortunately, the images are generally purely decorative so that the cumulative effect is of watching something deathlessly antique — something that no one can really understand any longer nor feel any passion about.

As for the story — well it may be an accurate picture (to a degree) of English university life — a **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf** with tea; and it may depict a typical dilemma of a man of Bogarde's age and station; but it's so undynamic as to defy engagement with it at any level; and I can't help wondering if the American Losey has unwittingly substituted lassitude for English phlegm.

Inasmuch as films are made for audiences, **Accident** begins with a massively misjudged silence that fails to catch, and follows it with a car crash sound effect that I imagined had been relegated years ago to radio farces; I half expected Peter Sellers' famous Bluebottle to exclaim, "You have deaded me!"

After that, rigor mortis sets in rather quickly.

Pinter's script is unexpectedly humourless for the most part and predictably mannered. Not to mention badly plotted — does he really expect us to accept Bogarde attempting rape-adultery while the phone rings to tell him that his wife has had their child? The spectacle of Losey's associates feeding off themselves is not a pleasant one. Both Bogarde and Pinter seem to be in real need of going out and listening to or watching some ordinary people (though Bogarde creates moments of quite poignant authenticity).

The music is standard Dankworth, which, to be generous, is uninspired. And apart from the music, the soundtrack is fearfully overstuffed with every possible audio effect — perhaps a nervous compensation for Pinter's intentionally underwritten dialogue.

And the colour is lusciously chic, often to the point of absurdity.

I must add that the film has some fascinating moments. Michael York and Stanley Baker are good. Jacqueline Sassard is all she can be — enigmatic — given the characterisation of her part. There are several ideas that are arresting — Sassard, in shock, going back into the wrecked car for her purse (the sequence is ponderously shot, though) and the moment, after the crash, when Bogarde cross-examines her and she withdraws behind a veil of hair that tumbles over her face. Parts of Bogarde's performance stand out — notably a few seconds in which, sitting on the edge of his bed, he shakes his head in a recognisable, private gesture of despondent confusion at his own weak will. And I respect the attempt to get away from the convention of continuous, naturalistic dialogue. But you cannot simply gild with avant-garde techniques a photoplay whose lineage goes right back to Herbert Wilcox's Michael Wilding-Anna Neagle Park Lane melodramas and pretend it has intellectual pretensions. Intellectual justification is exactly what **Accident** lacks.

Bruce Martin

YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW

Produced by Phil Feldman. Directed and written by Francis Ford Coppola. From the novel by David Benedictus. Photography: Andy Laszlo. Editing: Aram Avakian. Art direction; Vassele Fotopoulos. Music: Bob Prince. Songs: John Sebastian. Cast: Peter Kastner, Elisabeth Hartman, Geraldine Page, Julie Harris, Rip Torn, Karen Black, Tony Bill, Michael Dunn, Dolph Sweet, Michael O'Sullivan. A Seven Arts release.

You're a Big Boy Now isn't the most skillful, substantial, beautiful or revealing film of the year. It may not even be the funniest. But it is the fun-est. It's really a while since I've come out of a theater basking in quite such a pleasant glow of color, music, movement, wit and invention. No matter that Coppola's directorial touch is sometimes unfleet or lacking in precision, that some of his jokes are run into the ground (or never took off in the first place), and that his characters are for the most part satiric stereotypes that bear only a very approximate resemblance to their actual counterparts. For these shortcomings are more than redeemed by the film's energy and engaging good spirits.

With **Big Boy,** Coppola has definitely arrived. (Previously he directed the Corman-produced **Dementia 13** — a clip from which appears in

the dazzlingly mounted disco scene — and co-scripted **This Property is Condemned** and **Is Paris Burning.)** He's an alumnus of the UCLA film school — in fact, **Big Boy** is his M.F.A. thesis film — undoubtedly, at $800,000 or so, the most expensive thesis film ever made! Well, it's worth every cent. It has production values — a good cast, attractive New York photography and so on — and zest: a judicious mixture of unforced exuberance and high-power technique.

Make no mistake, though: for all its youthful vigor and outlook — Coppola is 27 — **Big Boy** is a Hollywood film all the way. That is, it presents an essentially romanticized view of the now generation; it deals in, and re-inforces, a non-hip audience's pre-conceived notions about the current scene. (Looking at this from another angle we could say that there's a touch of the fantastic about the film, as though it were Bernard's dream of growing up rather than an actual account of what really happened to him. And after all this unreal quality is not inappropriate, since generally speaking it **is** Bernard's point of view we're seeing things from, and he's the sort of guy who's always a bit hung-up on his own subjective world, never quite making it on the down-to-earth level of practical, day-to-day living.)

Luckily, the two central characters are both well drawn and excellently acted. Peter Kastner, as Bernard Chanticleer (a nice bit of irony there for Chaucer fans), romps through his part, making it completely his own. Elizabeth Hartman, in a bitch-goddess role seemingly tailor-made for Ann-Margret to ruin, is utterly beyond criticism: in looks, voice and acting, perfection.

Coppola's script and direction have their ups and (occasionally) downs. Some scenes are really first-rate comedy — for instance the one in which a nervously inquisitive Bernard gets his tie caught in an arcade peep-show and is instantly dragged in, while the well-endowed temptress on the grubby loop of film peels away and continues to give him the come-on. But Coppola's sense of humor can sometimes fail him quite badly, as in the handling of the albino hypnotherapist and the overdone Freudian implications of his stolen leg . . . not to mention a dismally weak culminating chase which is the film's one really bad let-down.

All is forgiven, however — for though his film isn't always true to life, it's almost always alive. It has pace; it moves, it flows. In this it is greatly helped by some fine good-time music from Sebastian (including two under-the-action songs, "Girl, Beautiful Girl" and the title

* **The Love Goddesses**

the story of sex in the movies by canadian film-maker graeme ferguson

* **Sanjuro**

Kurosawa's beautifully made film — startling mischievous with toshiro mifune

* **The Connection**

shirley clarke's shocking look at drug addiction 1961 critics prize cannes

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tune, which are better than some of the recent Spoonful singles). The film gives the impression of being a well-constructed whole, and it does so because its various elements — notably the music and dialogue — have been carefully integrated, thus producing a strong cumulative rhythm that seldom falters or dissipates. Thanks to the combination of cheerful music, bright visual and verbal comedy, and an up-tempo pace, Coppola (like Lester in **Help**) has re-captured something of the joy and spiritedness of the great MGM musicals.

The education of Paul in **Masculin Feminin** was altogether more accurate, moving and beautiful; but the education of Bernard Chanticleer was 96 minutes of happiness — and you can see an awful lot of movies before you find that.

Tony Reif

CUL-DE-SAC

Directed by Roman Polanski. Script: Polanski and Gerard Brach. Photography: Gilbert Taylor. Cast: Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorleac, Lionel Stander.

The beginning is cranky and unwilling (with awful titles, awful music, awful editing, awful jokes). And the end is preposterously out of place. But in between, **Cul-de-Sac** is brilliantly expert and expertly funny. Not the black humour one had been led to expect though; more like updated 1930's eccentric with a dash of crepe.

The cast is superb: Pleasence as good as one has come to expect — with magnificent bits of business with eggs, crab-like drunken skitters across the beach; Dorleac — sulphurously casual — reminiscent of the young Dietrich; the two crooks, MacGowran and Stander, Laurel-and-Hardying in their banter.

Much of the dialogue, dislocated and unilateral, has the acid accuracy of vintage Pinter; but the wild Americanese of Stander's Yankee thug — his vernacularly formal, "Out of the way, kid!" — is of vaudevillian dimensions. Indeed, the whole picture has a distinct Groucho Marx-W.C. Fields quality to it — full of calculated insults and endured humiliations.

Some brilliant visual things too — the eggs; an obscenely droll dribble of blood windswept from a dying gangster's lips; and an explosive penultimate ending that would happily have served as conclusion.

There are indications that someone, presumably Polanski, wishes to do more than amuse. But his hints at significance are never developed. So that the film's abrupt tilt into melodrama at the end, with Pleasence going berserk, is unjustified and unwanted. Or perhaps I don't have a truly Polish sense of humour. Fortunately, in any case, it does not dull the edge of this highly seasoned seaside comedy which whets one's appetite for Polanski's recently completed new film, **The Fabulous Vampire Killers or Pardon Me, But Your Teeth Are In My Neck!**

Bruce Martin

HONEY POT

Un film de Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Scénario de Joseph L. Mankiewicz, d'après une histoire de Thomas Sterling et une pièce de Frederick Knott, d'après la pièce de Ben Johnson "Volpone". Images: Gianni Di Venanzo. Musique: John Addison. Avec Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward, Capucine, Edie Adams, Maggie Smith, Cliff Robertson, Adolfo Celli. United Artists.

Si l'on me demandait quels sont les films que j'ai préféré durant les cinq premiers mois de 1967, je n'hésiterais pas une seconde. Au 5ème rang il y aurait **Terre des Anges** (Gyorgi Révész) et **Les Amours d'une Blonde** (Milos Forman), au 4ème rang **Fahrenheit 451** (François Truffaut), au 3ème rang **A Countess from Hong Kong** (Charles Chaplin), au 2ème rang **Le Grand Escroc** (Jean-Luc Godard). **Le meilleur film: Honey Pot.**

Joseph L. Mankiewicz: "Je me souviens d'un article que j'ai écrit pour le bulletin de la Screen Writers Guild, j'y exprimais très clairement ce que j'entends par écriture et mise en scène au cinéma. Je pense que ce sont — en ce qui concerne le genre de films que je fais — deux moments absolument inséparables. La mise en scène est la seconde moitié d'un travail dont l'écriture est la première." "Il me semble qu'un public est un public et que l'on ne demande pas à un public de penser, on essaye de le faire penser. Qu'il s'agisse d'une pièce ou d'un film, on doit faire penser le public malgré lui. En effet, ce n'est que très rarement dans cette intention-là que quelqu'un entre dans une salle de spectacle. Le public vient et, si vous êtes un bon dramaturge, il sort en pensant. Telle est à mon sens la marque de notre réussite." (Extraits d'un entretien avec Joseph L. Mankiewicz par Jacques Bontemps et Richard Overstreet, **Cahiers du Cinéma** 178, mai 66.)

Voir **Sept jours** 39. Ma cotation pour **Honey Pot:** cinq étoiles. Chef-d'oeuvre. Cotation que je n'ai utilisée, cette année, pour des films vus pour la première fois, que pour **Deux ou Trois Choses que Je Sais d'Elle** et **Le Grand Escroc** (Jean-Luc Godard), **Wagonmaster** (John Ford), **Le Poème de la Mer** (Alexandre Dovjenko) et **Honey Pot.**

Je considère la critique comme un travail de recherche. Il ne saurait donc y avoir de critique sans l'examen de la réceptivité d'un public. C'est un plaisir d'une qualité rare (au sens où le Chambertin est un vin d'une qualité rare), pour le critique qui voit d'abord un film presque seul, que de revoir le même film au sein d'une collectivité vibrante. Et le public, au cinéma Place du Canada, réagit à **Honey Pot.** Constamment. Plus souvent intelligemment que bêtement. Il n'est pas absolument sûr que ce public pense, après la vision d'**Honey Pot.** Il est certain que le film ne laisse indifférent personne, et que, fut-ce à l'insu de chacun, chacun ne pense plus tout à fait de la même façon, dans la quotidienneté, après avoir vu **Honey Pot** . . .

Si je voulais résumer sommairement Mankiewicz, j'utiliserais les mots intelligence, finesse, gravité. Au sens plein et exhaustif de chaque mot.

Mankiewicz est de cette catégorie d'hommes, de plus en plus rares, qui sont essentiellement des humanistes. Leur souci profond: expliciter la condition humaine. D'un point de vue personnel, "personnalisé", mais en se référant sans cesse à la culture. Celle qui va de Socrate et Eschyle à Marx, Freud, Breton et Sartre, par exemple. C'est-à-dire aussi à l'histoire de la peinture (décors extraordinaires d'**Honey Pot,** en trompe-l'oeil et du plus raffiné baroque, qui conditionnent les comportements), à l'histoire de la musique (extraordinaires musiques d'**Honey Pot,** une par caractère), à l'histoire de l'Histoire (le véritable sujet du film: l'aliénation de l'homme à l'argent, et à partir de l'argent la falsification de ses sentiments, ses idées), à l'histoire des civilisations (l'impuissance de l'homme à assumer ses responsabilités, déchiré qu'il est entre sa nature et son moyen d'extériorisation, la "représentation"). . . Comme Welles, comme Hawks, Mankiewicz est à la fois un homme de la Modernité (donc plongé dans la solitude des précurseurs, puisque la compréhension qu'ont les sociétés du présent vécu est toujours très en retard, au passé), et un homme de la Renaissance (donc nourri de valeurs innées en l'homme, intemporelles en ce sens qu'elles ne dépendent d'aucune façon d'un état circonstanciel d'existence). Ce dualisme fondamental (il faudrait parler de **dialectique)** permet à de tels hommes d'être les seuls artistes qui méritent ce nom: des **artisans.** L'adéquation état d'esprit — langage pour l'exprimer est parfaite. Il y a symbiose littéralement intériorité — discours.

Et c'est ce qui frappe d'abord, tellement, dans **Honey Pot.** La prodigieuse, la magistrale excellence du mécanisme. L'éblouissante nécessité et la magnifique efficacité de chaque plan, chaque raccord, chaque réplique. L'évidence absolue de chaque

fragment du film et de la globalité du film. Le "jeu" si totalement parfait de tous les acteurs, dirigés de façon géniale.

Sujet du film: brio du jeu de l'homme, mais échec intérieur, implacable. Une réflexion sur le temps. C'est dément. Haute pointe de la lucidité, la plus sensible. L'absolu de la mort, seule notion possible de la vie. . .

Comme Welles, comme Hawks, Mankiewicz fait le cinéma le plus moderne qui soit. Parce qu'il l'écrit. Et c'est Shakespeare, Durer, Mozart, qui sont inscrits en filigrane dans cette dramaturgie de moraliste, dont la profondeur si immédiatement et intensément émouvante est fonction de la maîtrise de l'ouvrier pour lequel le langage doit avoir la perfection et l'achèvement de l'essence.

Après **All About Eve** et **The Barefoot Contessa**, **Honey Pot** est la preuve superbe et bouleversante d'un art entièrement accompli puisqu'il conjugue modernité et classicisme.

Je ne peux voir **Deux ou Trois Choses que Je Sais d'Elle** ou **Honey Pot** sans "revivre" "You don't know what love is" par Eric Dolphy ou "A love supreme" par John Coltrane . . . Il n'y a d'art qu'amour . . . Mankiewicz est l'un des rares auteurs de films qui mettent en situation le devenir du cinéma dans ce sens de l'amour, la condition humaine redécouverte dans sa spécificité faite de la dialectique nature-culture . . .

Patrick Straram

THE WAR GAME

POINT OF ORDER!

THE WAR GAME, Britain, 1966. Directed for the British Broadcasting Corporation by Peter Watkins. Distribution: 35mm, Pathé-Contemporary; 16mm, Contemporary Films Inc.
POINT OF ORDER!, U.S.A., 1965. Produced by Emile de Antonio and Daniel Talbot; directed by de Antonio. Distribution: 35mm, Walter-Reade Sterling; 16mm, Continental 16 Inc. Cast: Senators Mundt, McCarthy and Symington; for the Army, Special Counsel Joseph N. Welch; and introducing: Robert F. Kennedy.

When the film version of Wells' **Shape of Things to Come** first made its prophetic appearance, Londoners panicked. The following months saw them scurrying underground, mistaking each practice siren for the real thing. The Home Office was quite put out.

Governments have learned much since 1939: no panic will greet Peter Watkins' nuclear postscript; the mass television audiences, for whom **The War Game** was commissioned, will not be seeing it. They will not be seeing it because the Governors of the BBC have designated them unfit to see it.

Or as Brecht said: the people have disappointed the Government; the Government must elect a new people.

In the meantime the National Film Theatre in London held special screenings for an audience of MPs, Peers of the Realm, Ministry of Defence personnel and selected journalists, later extended to include NFT membership. In Canada, CBC VIPs have had a tentative peek. Mired in the British arthouse slot by an X Certificate, its New York Festival entry drew generous notices. It has since collected an Oscar for best feature documentary but has attracted only mini-audiences to its discreet showing at a pocket-size downtown arthouse. The 16 mm version will be available to film societies in August. All in all, a resounding tinkle.

The BBC, says Watkins, is treating **The War Game** "like a chicken that laid an addled egg." The Corporation's dismay is understandable; the main thrust of the film is its chilling indictment of current civilian-military relationships. A populace which, according to the Civic Defence manuals, is supposed to have been educated for survival following a tactical "exchange" is shown to be innocent of thermonuclear folkways. Unrehearsed street-interviews reveal the cruel truth: no-one is ready, socially or psychologically, for the plague come upon him; one woman thinks that Strontium-90 might be "a sort of gunpowder." The addled egg is a jeremiad, a shattered humpty dumpty whose radiated limbs hang twitching across the credibility gap.

Actually the furore over Watkins' portrayal of nuclear mayhem has a curious parallel in the 30,000 feet of evidence shot by the Nippon Eigasha movie company after Hiroshima. The sequences are so appalling that a 22-year-old U.S. Government ban on its showing is still extant. Two requests by the Japanese Government to have the ban lifted have been turned down on the grounds that the film "might damage U.S.-Japanese relations."

As well it might. Like the Japanese film, **The War Game** uses no actors, only the acted-upon. The townspeople of Rochester, Kent, stand for the disappearance of the species; after an initial spasm of missile warfare, the burnt offerings are laid in rows in the ordinary street, the police still play at being bobbies, totting up the balance in parodic notebooks. The final effect on the viewer is a kind of numbness, a decayed recognition of world-failure, of the awful sterility at the heart of nuclear posturing. The creative impulse once atrophied, says Watkins, the way lies straight to these sidewalk graves.

Valuable as that recognition may be, it is less, one suspects, than what was hoped for. With a mass audience by decree removed, the **théâtre de fait,** whether of Weiss or Watkins, is forced to live on a thin diet. The newsreel technique, the deliberately artless eye-level lens, the unfussily-documented exposition of disaster—all are designed to invite an audience to the other side of the street, in much the same way as we watch a fire. Such a technique

was not meant for the arthouse. Removal of the mass audience has meant removing the **meaning** of the film.

It is to be hoped that **The War Game** will be returned to its proper milieu. Meanwhile, hardened connoisseurs of horror may wish to ponder on the implications of an even more disturbing recognition: **The War Game** is played well below our currently high moral shock levels, its portrait of the damned no more than a mobile version of the wirephotos from Saigon. Perhaps, after all, the BBC need not have worried, the national sensibility being already a burnt-out case. We shall not, indeed, be moved.

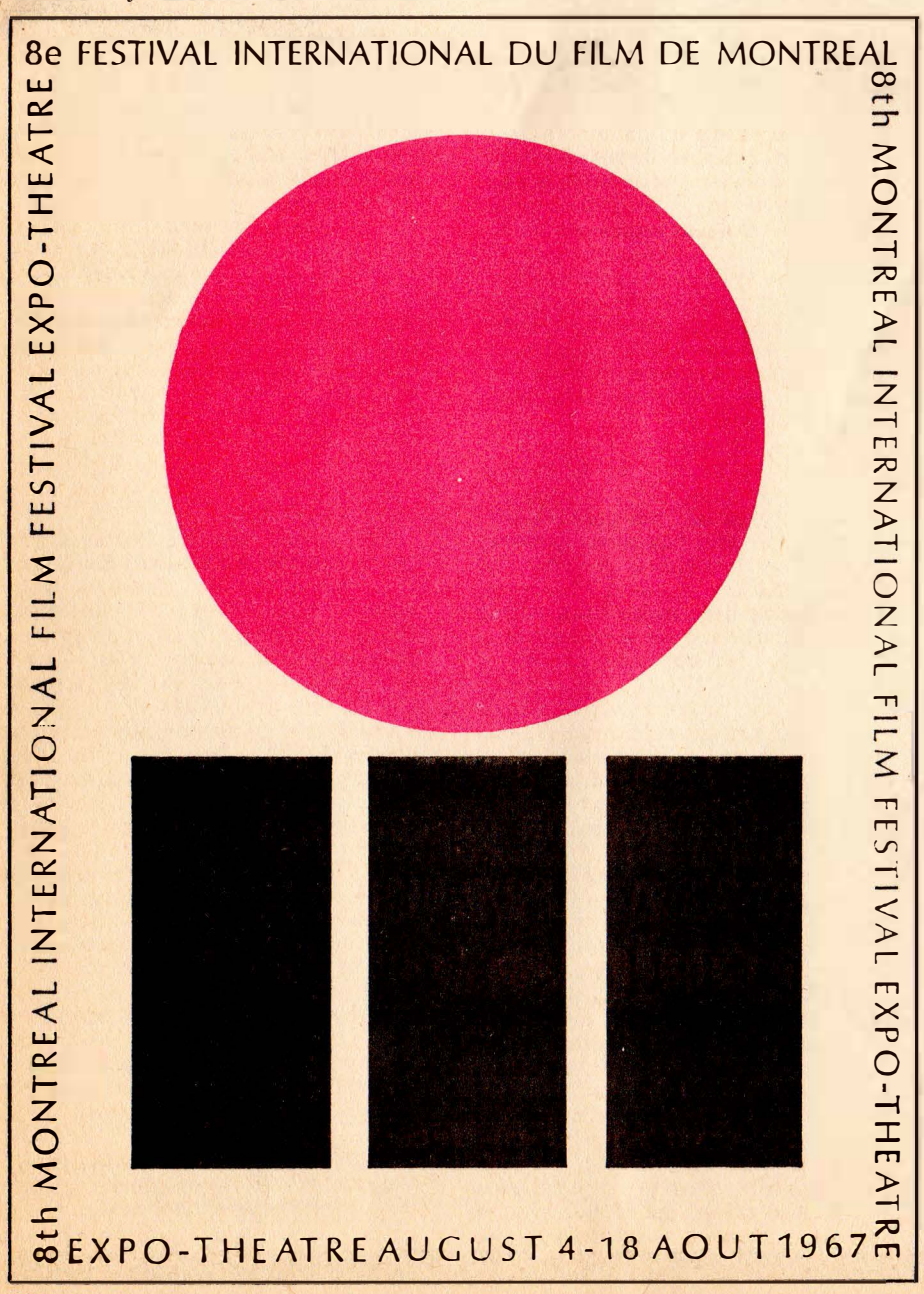
Civilian-military relations are also in question in **Point of Order!,** a tautly-edited piece of **théâtre de fait** at present enjoying, if that is the word, a revival. Hewn out of 36 days of television footage recorded by three cameras in the Senate Caucus Room during April-May of 1954, **Point of Order!** may easily be mistaken for artefact Americana: Thrill as gruff-spoken Karl Mundt wields a firm but pliant gavel! Melt as angular, balding Joseph Welch, everybody's Boston lawyer, brings back decency to Foggy Bottom! Swoon as suave Stuart Symington **becomes** Cary Grant! Tremble as heavy-jowled Joseph McCarthy refers to Stuart as "an alleged man"!

What to make of this incredible happening, this badlands Dreyfus Case? Director de Antonio—whose latest is the Mark Lane-based documentary, **Rush to Judgement** —intended no such easy jollification. "The film," he wrote, "is about complicity, a shared complicity." McCarthy, in this reading, is doomed from the beginning, rudely goosed by the Army counter-attack. His crime was to have been unselective in his targets, as is the way with sergeants; once having sneezed in the officers' mess, he had failed to notice the absence of gesundheits. His failure was a social one, his breath not only bad but too hot. Possibly witches **did** ride up there where the air was cool, but they were just less trouble than the junior Senator from Wisconsin. And Eisenhower's intervention on the side of the brass swept McCarthy's pieces off the board.

Many of these matters **Point of Order!** touches on, while remaining a marvel of compression. And it can be taken on all kinds of levels: during a recent showing, for example, the sync was out of sorts. Amazingly, it didn't really matter since the whole business was a put-up job anyway, the muffled track only adding to the give-away. Not brave men against the evil genius, but bit parts for a pre-taped commercial; a bad road company performing underwater, manic bubbles rising to the surface; Kabuki dancers in cotton wool. A twentieth-century art form.

Useful, too, for political science seminars. Edmund Burke, also given to upward mobility through inveighing against witches, once characterized his opponents as having "nothing of politics but the passions they excite." His strictures apply equally to the pathetic hero—for he **is** the hero— of **Point of Order!** Long before the end, before McCarthy slowly goes mad in front of our eyes, we can see the man as he truly was, possessing nothing of politics but the passions he excited, strangely guileless among the hypocrisies of his tormentors, stage-managed into oblivion by those who had made him king for a day. McCarthyism, its onlie begetter slumped in the penalty box, hardened into mccarthyism. And that, as we say, is something else.

Patrick MacFadden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8th MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL EXPO-THEATRE
EXPO-THEATRE AUGUST 4-18 AOUT 1967

PALACE OF PLEASURE

Directed by John Hofsess. Starring Michaele-Sue Goldblatt, David Martin, Don Gouthro. Photography by Peter Rowe and John Hofsess. Special effects by Robin Hilborn and Roger Hunt. Music by The Gass Company.

What was probably the first film premiere Hamilton has seen in the past fifteen years was received by the city with little more than a shrug. The city's one-paper press, which had previously given several columns of its precious newsprint to the film during the "scandal" in January, was silent. McMaster University's newspaper is nonexistant at this time of year, and the Toronto news media, which are often

forced to find Hamilton's news by themselves, while this city sleeps, were mum.

Quietly, without problem, the theatre was filled to capacity every night and the audience silently sat through what was billed as "An Evening of Underground Films". No police, no censors, no angry resignations, no injunctions, no dismissals. Even more ironic, considering the publicity the film was getting at the beginning of the year (probably the best any Canadian film has enjoyed since Larry Kent's **Bitter Ash** in 1963), and the **a priori** arguments of that month (**Black Zero** exists, therefore Hamilton is the sex capital of Canada), was that after all the Ontario Board of Censors gave the film mere Adult Entertainment rating. Evidently the Toronto Morality Squad and Olmi Silverthorn are not yet seeing completely eye to eye.

But while superficially the reaction seemed mild, the critical reactions to the film were as violent as everything else connected with it has been. Probably typically, the first time I saw the film I disliked it intensely, whereas the second time round I found it exceptionally exciting.

There can be no doubt that **Black Zero** can be labelled both "avant-garde" and "underground". In mere quantity of camera pyrotechnics (double screen, negative colour, kaleidoscopic effects, colour-tinted panchromatic mixed with positive colour, stop-frame, colour explosions, triple-superimpositions), the film makes most of the American underground look like simple, let alone commercial, films.

The visual excesses are matched by a similarly Dionysian sound track; opening with a semi-classical rendition of Chuck Berry's "Memphis", going to The Who's "My Generation" ("why don't y'all f-f-f-fade away, don't try things what we all say"), then in the second part mixing Leonard Cohen reading his own poetry (which fits beautifully) with three avant-garde rock and roll groups: Los Angeles' Mothers of Invention, New York's Velvet Underground, and Hamilton's The Gass Company. People who like "tasteful" soundtracks which don't "intrude" may find it hard to like this one. It would probably intrude on an earthquake.

Typically for the "new cinema", **Black Zero** is entirely a director's film. Acting is outlawed in Hofsess's films — photographic images of "actors" are distorted first by unnatural lighting (paisley slides, in this case), then by camera techniques (fish-eye lenses, for example) then finally by re-filming the sequence through back-projected kaleidoscopes. As might be expected, the final effect is rather more bizarre than the actors originally expected.

But if **actors** suffer, it is not half as much as **people** do. In the forty minutes of the present version of **Palace of Pleasure** (the badly-titled combination of **Redpath-25, Black Zero** and the as yet unstarted finale for the trilogy, **Mauvember),** a huge variety of faces pop in and out of bed, on and off the screen, all in seemingly similar roles. The rapidity with which new faces, buttocks and breasts appear and disappear renders the individual totally irrelevant. In fact everything is superfluous except the **image of body.**

Much more important than people, it would appear, are the variety of book covers, record albums, and magazine advertisements that are intercut into the film. The ads are merely humorous, but the three book titles — Freud's **Beyond the Pleasure Principle,** Brown's **Life Against Death** and Marcuse's **Eros and Civilization** — are crucial to the understanding of the film. The three thinkers, with their still-fantastic conceptions of man ("a disease"), history ("as neurosis"), and children ("polymorphously perverse"), probably come closer to the theme of **Black Zero** than could any others.

The unfortunate thing about the film is that instead of exploring what Rilke called the "unlived lines of the body", Hofsess settles with flashing book titles across the screen, hoping the subliminal effect (and it can obviously only effect those people who know the books) will get across his meaning. The meaning of the film is unfortunately better expressed in his programme notes than on the celluloid.

It is in this respect that all of Hofsess's assets and all of his defects can be seen. As a chronicler of the feelings of "his generation", as someone who can sense not only moods but individual feelings, he excels. At the moment, however, he is doing little more than acting as a springboard for a collection of the ideas, feelings and moods of others.

In an age aesthetically dominated by McLuhan and Sontag, however, this mass-assimilation concept of art is "officially" valid, and thus it is only the very square who cannot at least be profoundly entertained by **Black Zero.**

To be more than entertained by the film, to be able to see it as the flawed but nevertheless very powerful and artistic film that (I think) it is, may demand a greater suspicion of the normal critical stances taken by filmgoers.

If one can see as many of the layers of **Black Zero** as the layers of consciousness it cuts through, one is beginning to see what this strange piece of "therapeutic" art is all about. One begins to see, for example, that everybody who has talked about the film is in their own way correct. Even the Toronto Morality Squad. For "art, if its object is to undo repressions, and if civilization is basically repressive, is in this sense subversive of civilization." So says the author of **Life Against Death,** and life against death is very probably what **Black Zero** is all about.

Tony Rosenfield

AU HASARD BALTHAZAR

Directed by Robert Bresson. Written by Robert Bresson. Produced by Mag Bodard. Photographed by Ghislain Cloquet. Music by Jean Wiener (and from Schubert). With non-professional players chosen by Bresson. Distributor in Canada: Lapointe Films. Ratio: 1.66 to 1. English titles.

Balthazar is a donkey. When we heard that Bresson was filming a story about a donkey, we may have wondered. For years he has been planning to make (and how exciting the prospect is) **Lancelot du Lac.** What kind of substitute was this?

There was no cause to worry. G.K. Chesterton called the animal "the devil's walking parody on all four footed things" but remembered the Christian association. "There was a shout about my ears and palms before my feet." Bresson himself has written: "the picture retraces not only the life of a donkey, but the life of a man from his birth to his death" (this life being fragmented through different characters who own, or are around, the oddly handsome Balthazar). Bresson adds "but the donkey alone carries the sins". And Gilles Jacob, the French critic, confidently claims "the world changes but not Bresson. **Au Hasard Balthazar** is his greatest and most Bressonian film."

After one viewing, I could no more analyse **Au Hasard Balthazar** than fly in the air. I remain to be convinced that it challenges Bresson's previous masterpiece, **Diary of a Country Priest** — but then it has no need to. The purpose of this review is simply to plead against the probable neglect of an immeasurably fine and beautiful film. Please see it if it shows. You could find a worse cause than agitating for a showing in your area.

Tentatively, it occurs to me that the power and grace achieved by Bresson arise partly from an awareness of paradox which is new in his work. His hymn of praise takes a circuitous route to heaven. A deeply spiritual film, **Balthazar** is also often amusing, even in an earthy fashion. Evil abounds — pure, instinctive evil, as well as more mundane stupidity and sloth. Man bestially kicks out, while a beast patiently endures. The subtlety of the film would be its glory, did not the simplicity steal its thunder.

Clive Denton

DEPARTMENTS

FEED BACK

Ci-inclus $1.50 pour un abonnement de 6 numéros de votre revue que j'apprécie beaucoup. Je ne suis pas un parfait bilingue mais je réussis quand même à comprendre certains de vos textes. Très attrayante et originale votre revue.

Gilles Castonguay,
Trinité des Monts, P.Q.

I was lucky — I stumbled across your publication quite by accident one day. Increase your distribution . . . more people deserve your magazine . . .

All the best of luck with **Take One**. One can only feel that it is almost too good to survive.

N. E. Mann,
Assistant Manager,
Humdrum Ltd.

In an interview in your April issue, Larry Kent says:

"Wendy Michener acts now as if she liked **Sweet Substitute** and gave it a great review when, in fact, she knocked it for being just another teenage film and she disliked it at the time."

Since your readers are presumably in no position to check the accuracy of this statement, perhaps you could print, as a correction, the following excerpt from the review in question (Maclean's, Jan. 23, 1965):

"**Sweet Substitute** . . . deserves to be seen, I think, even though it too is flawed by the lack of an author. Kent got his young actors to improvise into a tape recorder, then chose the best of their dialogue for a working script . . . the result is a truthfulness you don't find either in the fun films (like **Bikini Beach**) or the problem films (like **Girl Trouble**) produced commercially for the teenage market. Kent has caught the precise attitudes and manoeuvres of high-school students in the grip of their sexual urges; and what's more, he shows them with a lively sense of humor . . ."

Robert Fulford
Toronto 7

Lettre de Montréal

par Patrick Straram

En lisant ce qu'un collaborateur écrit à propos de **Hélicoptère-Canada,** page 25 de **Take One,** avril 1967, je n'arrive pas à comprendre, je crois rêver. Mais tout s'éclaire page 26. Il est remarquable que Mark Blandford ait écrit cette lettre, "I dare you . . .", dans "Feed Back" . . . Qui envoie une telle lettre aime **Hélicoptère-Canada.** Preuve particulièrement réjouissante . . . Conception pour le moins curieuse des fonctions de la critique cinématographique. Confusionnisme peu compatible avec une action à organiser d'urgence, pour faire face aux visées réactionnaires du gouvernement Union Nationale. Par l'entremise du ministre d'Etat, l'"honorable" Gabias, il n'est question que d'en revenir à l'ostracisme totalitaire et anachronique de la glorieuse époque Duplessis, en matière de **culture** et **d'information** cinématographiques au Québec. Sous le couvert d'une réforme effectivement indispensable, la classification des films par paliers d'âges, on voit se dessiner une manoeuvre double. D'abord, faire le jeu des grands monopoles du cinéma ici, façades de monopoles américains, qui sont seuls capables d'investir les capitaux nécessaires à l'exploitation de ciné-parcs (drive-ins). Or, une loi conçue pour satisfaire les exigences de la haute finance, **on** sait qu'elle ne peut servir les intérêts réels des cinéastes, aux niveaux de la production, de la création, et même de l'exploitation indépendante. Ensuite, cette loi permettrait une réorganisation du Bureau de Censure actuel. On augmenterait considérablement le nombre de censeurs. Il faut être aveugle ou de mauvaise foi pour ne pas comprendre qu'il s'agirait de nommer responsables de l'"évaluation" des films des représentants des Associations de Parents, du clergé, des Chambres de Commerce et autres "corps intermédiaires", dont il est évident qu'afin de préserver leurs privilèges ils n'ont qu'un moyen d'action: maintenir la société qu'ils exploitent dans l'ignorance.

Monsieur Gabias, au fascisme

sans équivoque ("L'histoire prouve que trop de liberté mène à l'anarchie!"), s'est bien gardé de dire selon quels critères de compétence, en fonction de quelles qualifications, ces nouveaux membres seraient nommés. Il a par contre écarté tout projet de loi sur la production de longs métrages au Québec. Et sa fameuse déclaration, "Tout ce qui ira à l'encontre des bonnes moeurs et de l'ordre public sera considéré comme immoral." Elle demande une précision fondamentale: **considéré comme immoral, PAR QUI?**

Il en va de l'avenir immédiat d'un cinéma en gestation au Québec. Sans doute faudrait-il dès maintenant envisager la fondation de **comités de vigilance,** organisés par cinéastes, producteurs, exploitants, critiques et cinéphiles, dont la tâche serait double: intervenir sans cesse auprès du gouvernement (soit au moyen de mémoires, soit au moyen de rencontres, de consultations), et, surtout, sans relâche informer, prévenir, l'opinion publique, au fur et à mesure que gouvernement et professionnels du cinéma s'opposent.

état du cinéma ici

L'une des compagnies de production de films indépendantes en laquelle on fondait le plus d'espoirs: "Les Cinéastes Associés".

L'autre jour, pour l'hebdo **Sept Jours,** je passe aux "Cinéastes Associés". Projets?

Jean Dansereau, constamment au bureau des "Cinéastes" et l'un des metteurs en scène avec plusieurs projets (cf. **Take One** 3), me dit en être réduit pour l'instant à écrire des communiqués. L'état du cinéma ici, aujourd'hui, un communiqué de Jean Dansereau me semble l'indiquer mieux que toute analyse.

"Le cinéaste québécois alterne entre le désir vif de la création et l'obligation de lutter sans relâche contre un état d'existence injuste et aberrant. La lutte remonte à si loin, pour si peu, que le chemin parcouru s'estompe dans les méandres de ses souvenirs. Peu à peu son âme s'épuise et **il perdra, avec l'âge, le goût de vivre bien avant de mourir."**

N'est-il pas temps de réagir? La plus extrême vigilance n'est-elle pas requise, d'urgence?

art sociologique

La sociologie de l'art est à la mode.

Bien plus immédiat, concernant directement les collectivités dans leur ensemble, selon les contextes, peu à peu s'impose ce que j'appellerai un art sociologique.

L'art l'a toujours été, sociologique. Mais sans qu'on le discerne vraiment, surtout "au présent" de l'oeuvre, et d'une façon toujours très "transposée". Depuis quelques années, un certain cinéma est essentiellement sociologique, en parallèle avec la télévision. Il modifie sensibilité, réceptivité, structures de pensée des individus. La grande révolution accomplie par ce cinéma, c'est qu'il substitue au rapport traditionnel auteur (ou acteur) — spectateur, le rapport bien plus influentiel **personne filmée — personne regardante.** Au lieu qu'il y ait état de contemplation, puis de réflexion, il y a maintenant état de participation dès le premier contact avec le produit proposé (film, ou interview télévisée — tout un inconscient collectif canadien français s'est radicalement modifié depuis que chaque soir à Radio-Canada, canal 2, est télédiffusé le programme "Aujourd'hui"). Soit dans une infrastructure demeurée celle de la fiction apparente (Godard, Skolimowski, Straub, Groulx), soit en s'en tenant délibérément et exclusivement au mode de l'enquête en direct, un préalable fictif n'étant choisi que pour provoquer assez les protagonistes à "enregistrer" (Rouch), la superstructure de la communication contemporaine est bien l'exposition de l'individu tel qu'à travers l'image et le son il se "découvre" aux témoins, sans transposition, ce qui oblige le témoin à participer à la découverte, l'engageant, qu'il en soit ou non conscient immédiatement.

Gilles Carle a fait un très beau film d'une heure, **Place aux Jérolas.** Les Jérolas sont deux fantaisistes canadiens français, chanteurs et monologuistes et imitateurs, qui jouissent d'une très grande popularité au Québec, et viennent même de remporter un succès probant à Paris.

Carle a parfaitement mis en contact avec plusieurs segments d'une phénoménologie, subie trop souvent sans en avoir conscience, et surtout en cette ère des Loisirs, alors que le consommateur est entièrement conditionné par des mass media au service d'un pouvoir capitaliste.

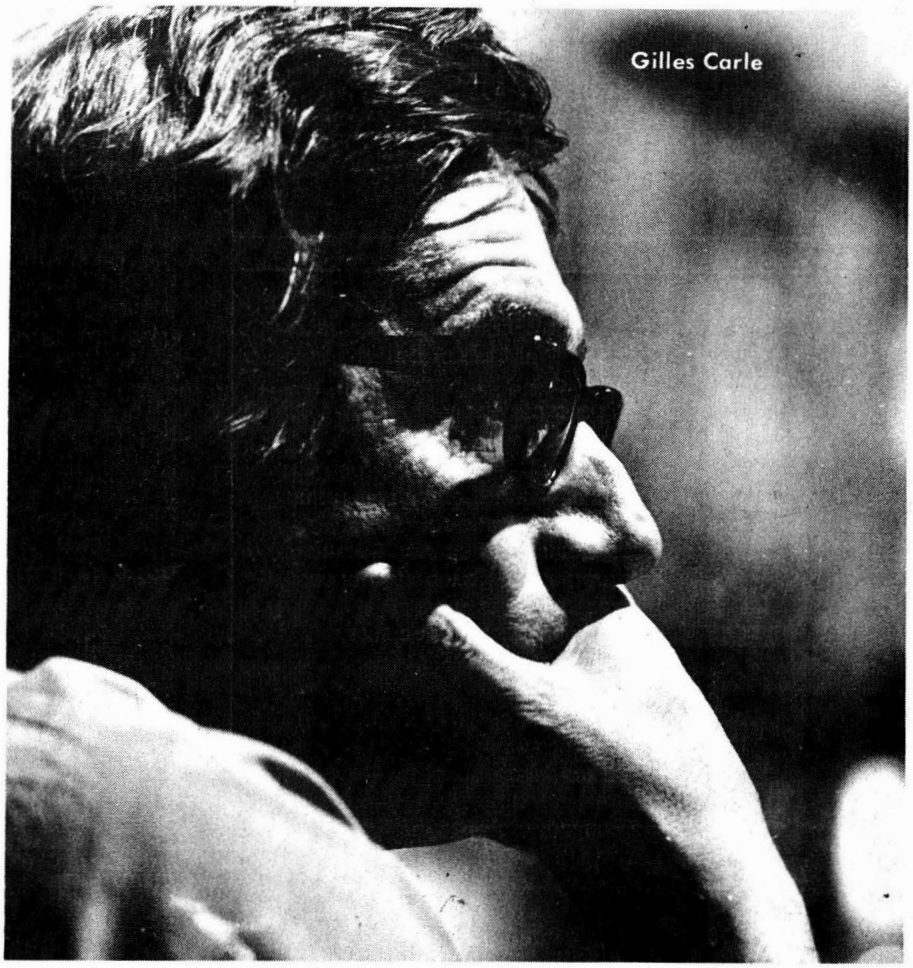
Essentialité canadienne française.

Contribution au mythe de la vedette (cabotinage, simulacres, etc.).

Envers du décor. (Travail de préparation d'une chanson, loges, anxiété avant l'entrée en scène, etc.)

Nature réelle des individus, antérieure à l'image prise par les vedettes (l'un des Jérolas est amené à la chanson par Félix Leclerc, parce que Félix Leclerc avait alors un programme juste après le chapelet à la radio, et que dans sa famille on récitait le chapelet avec celui diffusé, que lui ensuite ne manquait pas Leclerc; l'autre raconte que c'est sa fille serinant chaque matin un refrain d'une publicité pour des cornflakes qui lui a fourni l'amorce d'un des succès les plus populaires des Jérolas, etc.).

Carle, malgré de rares effets de style, qui distraient, a réussi avec **Place aux Jérolas** un film-témoin



PETE MATTHEWS

extrêmement attachant, important, et qui passionne. Expliqués, donnés à voir dans leur complexité et non plus seulement une apparence stéréotypique, les Jérolas touchent infiniment plus. C'est aussi un film sur la condition d'homme canadien français, sur le monde du spectacle, et sur le cinéma art à force d'être moyen d'investigation. Une dramaturgie nouvelle naît: la seule esthétique véritablement convaincante et satisfaisante de la modernité sera celle issue de la conjoncture film-information-personne. Ou primauté du cinéma se filmant. Ou, comme Lénine le disait: **l'éthique sera l'esthétique de l'avenir** . . . Un remarquable film canadien français 67 que **Place aux Jérolas** de Gilles Carle, documentaire, moment de la vie quotidienne, élément sociologique, analyse du vécu "cinématographié" et du cinéma vécu s'inter-agissant.

●●●

Ce qui ne veut pas dire qu'il n'y ait que ce cinéma-là.

Été 67 à Montréal. Pour moi, avant tout, et après l'extraordinaire **Honey Pot** de Joseph L. Mankiewicz ce film (avec aussi John Wayne) avec Robert Mitchum, de Howard Hawks, que je "prévois" un chef-d'oeuvre magistral, **Eldorado** . . . Ou faudrait-il aussi constituer des comités de vigilance pour faire en sorte qu'on comprenne enfin le génie de Howard Hawks, ce cinéaste à hauteur d'homme.

NEW YORK LETTER

by Bob Cowan

Underground film-makers in New York recently became involved in a new activity. A picket line was formed outside the St. Mark's in the Bouwerie Church to protest the ousting of Ken Jacobs from leadership of a Federal film project known as "Creative Arts for Alienated Youth". The film program was part of an expensive experimental project run by St. Mark's for The New School for Social Research on a grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's Office of Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Training. It was apparent from the turnout that the underground film-makers supported Ken almost to a man. Ken is concerned with the community of the uncommitted. The philosophy of those who seek to displace him is one of professionalism. Ken was removed because he was not able to get along with the policies of the powers in charge. He was fired without previous discussion with the student film-makers. As one of the film-makers summed it up when speaking to Father Allen, the head of the project, "Which counts more, that we get along with Ken — or he gets along with you?"

Canadian artist Mike Snow, now living here, is working on a new film. He states: "I have been working on a 16mm color film to be about 45 minutes long and called **Wavelength.** Made occasional notes, drawings and thought about it for over a year before shooting most of the film a week in December '66. Working on sound and editing on and off since. Hope to finish it this summer. The film's basic material: 'What the hell does it all mean?', the Spectrum, the Glissando and Getting From Here To There. I'm interested in seeing Time. In this film a Setting gets Interrupted. Interrupted by three human Events announced by Prophecy and followed by Memory. Electric Protection. Image Space is Mind Space and this film is a drug relative. It has as many questions in it as anything else has questions in it. It isn't an Accident though. Selected questions: City Street? Room? Fluorescent light? Radio? Death? Telephone? Shore? 'Hello Richard, this is Amy . . .' It's a structure and there are lots of possibilities in it for you. Still, it's meant to say: 'Infinity Slice'."

Recently Ed Emshwiller's new film **Relativity,** made on a grant from the Ford Foundation, was shown on a two-week run at the Cinematheque Theater, 125 West 41st St., in New York. This film, in my opinion, is one of the few genuine master works ever to come out of the experimental film milieu. There has never been anything quite like it in anything the "Underground" has ever produced or, for that matter, anything existing in the commercial cinema. It is a beautiful, poetic journey through evolutionary time — full of ironic relationships between form, time and creation — overlapping, dissolving itself in nightmare surety to the final cry of a voice somewhere in the terrifying vastness of creation. Technically it is a tour de force, but at no time do the amazing pyrotechnics of camera work stray from the film concept. The female nude form has never been so sensuously filmed. Woman emerges as a giant pulsating energy form as vast as mountain ranges, forests and rythmically in tune to the very pulse of cosmic creation. I have viewed this film many times and never cease to marvel at its complexities and beauty.

I myself am presently completing a series of filmed portraits of women called **10 women 10** in color and black and white, each portrait lasting about three or four minutes.

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TORONTO LETTER

BY ALAN COLLINS

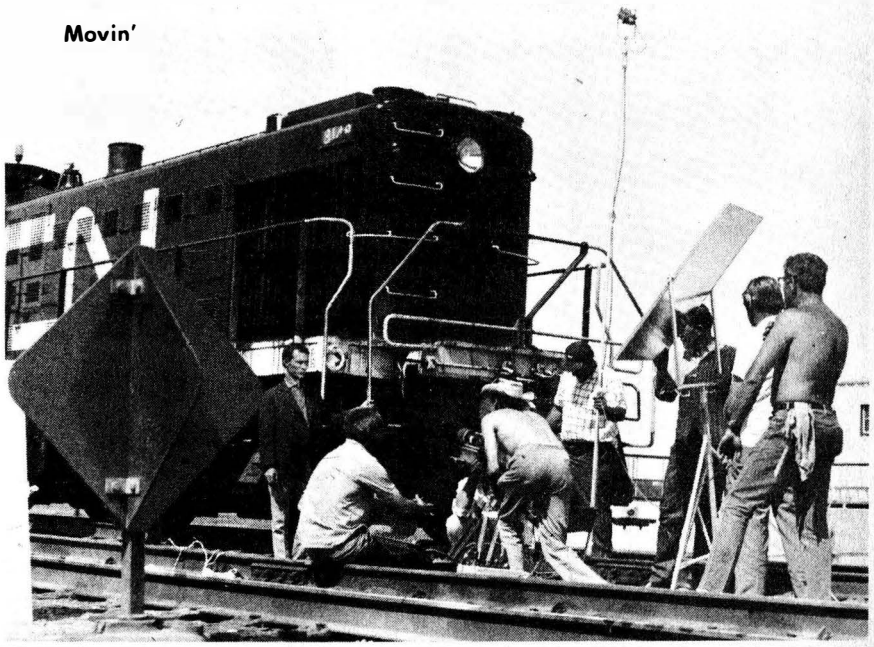
The most notable events in Toronto in recent months have been not in production but in the new theatres springing up in the city, offering a potential outlet for the long awaited Canadian features when they are produced. Cine-City — an offshoot of Film Canada Distributors — opened in April in a converted Post Office on Yonge St. complete with psychedelic decor, mini-clad usherettes, and hippy program notes, with a policy of first run international features alternating with twice-weekly club showings of Underground movies. The opening feature **La Guerre est Finie** played to capacity audiences but the Club evenings got off to a less happy start when the advertised film (Peter Goldman's **Echoes of Silence**) fell a victim to the Toronto Censor and was replaced at the last moment by **Le Revolutionnaire** of Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, an erratic, sometimes-moving film which finally evaded all serious issues for comedy. Film Canada plans to distribute three other features by Lefebvre and are entering into co-production on **The Palace of Pleasure** trilogy by John Hofsess. In humbler surroundings on College St., the Electra theatre has performed a valuable service by presenting such important first runs as **Alphaville, Lola, Muriel,** and **The Red Desert** in repertory with such rare and unappreciated works as **Shock Corridor, Hercules Conquers Atlantis,** and **Johnny Guitar.** These Double Bills, often chosen in complete contrast and counterpoint to one another, allow a perspective of the whole range of world, Hollywood, and New Wave cinema as part of a common tradition. One of the main obstacles to the appreciation of film as Art are the Toronto critics who persistently shun all programs except those playing at the larger commercial theatres.

On May 15th, the C.B.C. held its annual Wilderness Award — established in 1963 in memory of Norman Caton, Len Macdonald, and Charles Riegler, killed in a plane crash while filming a C.B.C. documentary entitled Wilderness. This year's Award went to the Wojeck series for the program **The Last Man in the World** directed by Ron Kelly, whose next project is a historical-actuality documentary, **The Battle of the Plains of Abraham.** Work has also begun on the new Wojeck series, being filmed in color, with Producer Ron Weyman again aiming for the topical newsreel approach to drama. The irrepressible David Secter is currently negotiating for a film based on the assassination of the Chicago Rabbi Morris Adler, to be written by the author of Wojeck, Phillip Hersch.

At least one Canadian-produced feature is now showing on general release. **The Vultures,** a low-budget horror picture written and directed by Lawrence Huntingdon, was co-produced by Robert Lawrence and Peterson Productions of Toronto but filmed in England due to the lower costs of production. Petersons, one of Canada's longest-established independent production companies, are now engaged in a policy of diversification between internationally-packaged features, commercials, and entertainment-documentaries. Their latest is a documentary for C.N.R. Freight entitled **Movin'** which marks the screen debut of Gordon Lightfoot who also wrote the music. Directed by David Main in 16mm color, a 35mm blown-up version of the film has been sold to Paramount for theatre release as a short.

A new incentive to producers of low budget features in Canada will be the Vidi-Cam process developed by John Lowry Productions. Consisting of a TV viewfinder with monitor screen mounted on two Arriflex film cameras, the new process combines the advantages of videotape and film for multiple camera shooting and enables extensive savings in time and amount of film exposed. In use so far in commercials and live-action TV shows, the Vidi-Cam operates on a 1:1 shooting ratio.

Movin'



OUT BY MARK SLADE SITE WHRLED

Slow dissolve to education outside the whirl. Not much incite here. A teacher who screened the three-minute film **Syrinx** was accused of putting questions in the open minds of CBC's neuter generation.

Everyone knows or should know how Pan lost his doll. Outerly stark but for three butterflies she slipped from his yearnings. Hung up on griefy sex symbols Pan turned his reeds to pipes. His massage was his medium. Many gods later he blew his cool all through Debussy's sad scene.

But not till OUR OWN AGE did Pan and his nude bird star on a suburban classroom screen. Still stark in moving images animated in lascivious charcoal it reminds the pedagogue of cave drawings in the boys' washroom. Only proud Ethiopians knowing no better gave the film an award. But for educators no violence tempers the myth. Three butter-

Mr. Slade is Screen Education Officer of the National Film Board.

flies do not a topless teacher make. No insight here. Bad FX.

Cut therefore to pile of excited comments from readers of outsite column. Discard all those who do not take one seriously. This leaves us with Filmsick who writes: Dear outsiter, sir, all the school buses left in the middle of my Wuthering Heights on account of our wrestling team championships. Please advise in anticipation. (Name withheld for obvious reasons.)

Dear filmsick miss: Courage. Remember those of us in this work are pioneers interfaced with gutenbergously enormous electronic implosions. Stick it out dear and keep those letters coming.

Swish highangling to other mutters. The prayers or pleadings of an expectorating montage of unkempt youths are answered at last. Next semester McGill, Queen's and UBC offer film on credit terms. But is film dead enough? Is it timely to bury directors in multiple gaps and frowns ? Happily admission requirements are ritely whirled:

"If you did not obtain a pass average on perceptual biases and strategies of structural configuration of iconographic rhetoric at the former grade nine level, biology two is a prerequisite. In certain cases home movies will be accepted (on their merit) in lieu of anthropology nine. If you are just a dropout who happens to like movies please stop bugging our computers with your ignorance."

Where Shram goes cannot Shrum soon follow?

Somewhat inevitably this is what happens when the world whirls insight outsite McGill Metro and Ben's hot meat. And will there be utters? One hopes. In USA visions of film breed from incamp to campus all over their vast underground. Better data will surely ensue once education is free for all.

Which freezes us open minded on the big communication squeeze at the University of Saskatchewan, Regina, innovators of hallucinatory acids in the old days of creeping socialism, now suppressed enough to research ten billion brain cells saturated in inhibiting glucose in reaction to adrenalin-producing bonanzas and violence without sexmyths laser-beamed to embarrassed tripniks already overheated on the dryice circuits of global learning.

In short: the first graduate school of communications in Canada. Another first for us. More must be said about it. More shall.

Meanwhile keep those letters coming. Don't forget stamped envelopes for our special kit: How to teach film aesthetics in Viet Nam — a list.

CLIVE DENTON ON FILM

A column of questions:

Why do all the old-timers insist that **Knight Without Armour,** that 1937 Dietrich-Donat adventure, is so awful? On TV it looked highly entertaining, with the emphasis on "looked". A theatrical screening would be visually magnificent, I would surmise; the camera, lighting and art direction go crazy over Revolutionary Russia. As for the plot, with its stars scuttling away from vengeful authority — the title might well have been **39 Steppes.** Jacques Feyder is obviously a director ready for rediscovery. People concede that **La Kermesse Heroique** is a masterpiece of style but which of us under forty knows much else about his work?

With **Fahrenheit 451** on our minds, who remembers the climax of blazing books in Columbia's 1956 anti-witch huntmovie, **Storm Center**? Daniel Taradash will never give François Truffaut sleepless nights as a director but he deserves prior credit for imagining how sickening it would be to see "Alice in Wonderland" go up in smoke.

Is there really any "Theatre of Cruelty"? Antonin Artaud visualised a dramatic ritual whose wildness and rage would sublimate our frenzied emotions. It was to be **very** nasty, and no holds barred. We get plenty of revolting, cruel detail in movies and plays currently—but the drawback is that we're not supposed to enjoy it, there's always a moral "out". Peter Brook's extremely interesting film of **Marat Sade** is altogether too controlled and civilised to give the baser emotions a field day . . . Incidentally, did you know that Artaud played Marat for Abel Gance in the ambitious and sometimes beautiful **Napoleon** epic of 1927?

Why won't more people admit that Taylor and Burton have talent? In "Esquire", Wilfrid Sheed says Elizabeth's acting was "fixated at the age of twelve". To put it mildly, I disagree; this year's Academy Award for Best Actress struck me as one of the most sensible Oscars in a long time. By the way, can anybody top this opinion about **Virginia Woolf,** heard on the Grand Staircase at Toronto's Imperial Theatre: "I wouldn't mind their behaviour so much, if they weren't supposed to be **teachers** "!

And will there be a funnier film this year than **How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying** or a more bravura comic outburst than Robert Morse's? I hope so, but I doubt it.

Why don't Canadians want to see their own movies? Would they rather rely on a tarnished, rusting Hollywood? Should we give the ten million dollars to help our great ally buy more napalm?

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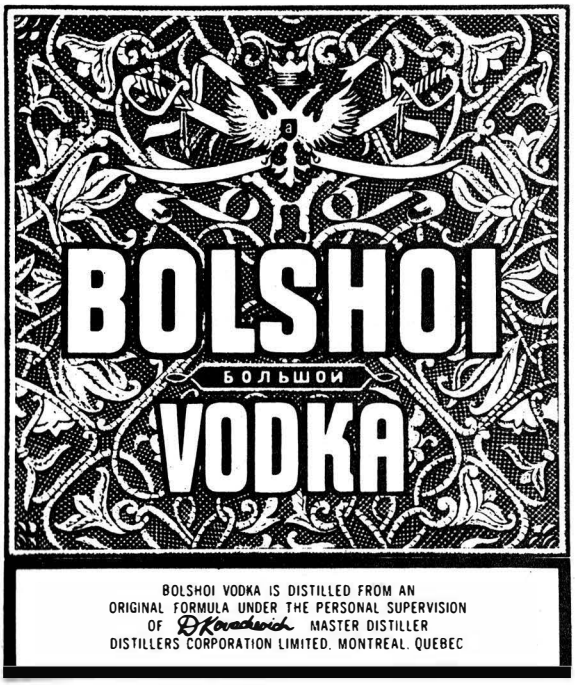

What it means to be a hundred

As we Canadians reach our hundredth birthday we pause for a moment, to look back.

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